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EDITED BY HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

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Notes at Random

Art and Democracy—A Biologist's View of Politics— G. B. S. as Theologian—A New Periodical

"If we are not on the verge of a phase of disaster, we must be on the verge of a phase of mighty art." This remark by Mr. H. G. Wells is apt, even though its implied antithesis appears unjustified. Unjustified, because revolution has in the past produced great art, nor is there any reason to suppose that it will not do so again: apt, because the apposition of art and upheaval emphasises the connection between the crisis, economic and political, and the crisis in culture. Of some such connection those sensitive to contemporary conditions are becoming daily more aware. The nature of it is a matter of legitimate argument. There are so many factors involved that it is difficult to see clearly the essentials, to thread one's way surely through a maze of irrelevancies. But, to risk a summary sentence, I should characterise it as the growing discontent with democracy due to a tardy realisation that the opinion of the uninstructed many is not necessarily of greater value than the judgment of the instructed few. Moreover it is being at last discovered that, in practice, our democracy is merely a mask for plutocracy and that all standards except the gold standard are being rapidly destroyed among the mass of the people.

This situation involves the most diverse interests and creates the oddest allies. To take one example. The gambling fever, as evidenced in the popularity of the

Irish Sweep, and the move for the secularisation of Sunday, as shown in the demand for Sunday cinemas, are distressful to most religious people. But the majority of citizens indubitably desire both, with the result that the Christian minority is being forced to reconsider the maxim "*Vox populi, vox Dei.*" And on this fundamental political point, the earnest Sabbatarian joins hands with the literary highbrow—to the astonishment, in many cases, of both. For the latter is equally in revolt against arbitration by the mass vote, to the setting-up of standards based on the taste of the majority. So, in nearly every department of activity, a similar dissatisfaction can be seen—each apparently as dissimilar from the others in its aims as the two I have



"In God's name, Dickey," she said, giving his throat . . . a caressing little pull with her fingers.
Engraved by John Farleigh.

From "*The Adventures of the Black Girl in her Search for God,*" by Bernard Shaw (Constable).

cited, yet all in essential agreement on this one point.

Against Democracy

It may be, of course, that in disparaging democracy, one is merely flogging a dead horse. There is always the danger of over-estimating the strength of an idea



Paul Nash : Sandling Park.

(Manchester Art Gallery.)

From "*Purpose and Admiration*," by J. E. Barter (Christophers).
Shows only one of the phases of this modern painter, whose feeling for English landscape is always qualified by a singular distinction.

in which one has long ceased to believe, in an attempt to avoid the foolishness of mistaking one's personal opinions for a general feeling. Nevertheless it seems to me that belief in democracy, which is based on "the curious dogma of the equality of man," is almost as rampant to-day as it was in Victorian times. Even perhaps more so, because it is so carefully fostered by the plutocracy which finds it indispensable. Any attempt to tamper with universal franchise, that Ark of the Covenant, would result in an outcry revolutionary in its menace and led by the main instrument of plutocratic government, the Press. Meanwhile the disfavour in which the two extreme anti-democratic movements in politics—Fascism and Communism—are held is sufficient evidence of the sway it still exercises over the minds of Englishmen.

I welcomed particularly therefore Professor J. B. S. Haldane's "*The Inequality of Man*" (7s. 6d.; Chatto & Windus), a collection of essays in which the eminent biologist endeavours to pierce the fog of sentimentality with the cold light of science. The paper which gives its title to the book calls attention to the fact which will finally explode the democratic fallacy—that equality of opportunity reveals most clearly natural inequality. "This is to-day most obviously visible in the United States, where educational opportunities are more widespread than elsewhere. Universal education leads, not to equality, but to inequality based on real differences of talent." The State based on a recognition of this fact and organised in such a way as to utilise to the full the powers of all its citizens (that is to ensure the maximum of individualism) will certainly not be a democratic state. Neither, according to Professor

Haldane, will it be possible for more than a century. But in the meantime he makes a suggestion for immediately limiting the franchise. "One eminently desirable reform would be the disfranchisement of persons over sixty-five years of age. The main effects of their votes will not appear during their lifetime . . . and their political views depend on issues of a generation ago."

Sixty-five

As this plan, which now appears to me extremely sound, will probably seem less attractive in thirty-five years time, I refrain from comment, except in two particulars. It has a definite bearing on Wyndham Lewis's exposition of the existing Youth-Age situation (which I discussed in these notes recently), and it provokes the reflection that most of our ills in the world to-day are due to the fact that in trying to solve post-War (that is, unprecedented) problems, all our "leaders" are handicapped by possessing a pre-War mentality, with the result that their "experience," which forms their main, if not their only, credential for government, is somewhat worse than useless.

Another of Professor Haldane's essays which deserves very wide consideration is his devastating attack on Materialism. He deals with it fundamentally and I think finally, for he avoids the foolishness of dismissing it merely because he dislikes it. "Most people's only serious objection to Materialism is simply that they find it an unpleasant idea. Obviously however the pleasantness of an idea is no evidence for its truth, nor vice versa." His objection is that "if Materialism is true, it seems to me that we cannot know that it is true. . . . If a super-biochemist made a working model of me, atom for atom, this robot would, on a Materialistic view, have all my memories. This may be the case, but if so I do not see how knowledge is possible." Belief in Materialism is in fact a man's final self-betrayal.

The Genius of France

Not only inequality but diversity is innate in the human race. If the ideal state of the future is that which will most satisfactorily allow for the former, the ideal of the present is that which will permit the development of the latter. It is not without significance that Professor Haldane finds in the traditional culture of France the surest home for varied achievement. "Under the third French Republic, it is probable that more different human types are encouraged than in any other society. Let us take seven human beings who have achieved fame under it: Pasteur, Renan, Anatole France, Marshal Foch, Ste. Thérèse de l'Enfant Jesus, Sarah Bernhardt and Suzanne Lenglen. I doubt whether any other state could produce a team quite so thoroughly representative of the different sides of human nature." For France is the last great bulwark against the Bolshevik ideology based on Materialism.

Art and Revolution

The relation between art and the various revolutionary (anti-democratic) tendencies is twofold. On the one hand the position in the literary arts can conveniently be summed up in the phrase "mass civilisation and minority culture" and has given rise to the situation on which I have remarked so often in these columns.

Here a small and menaced intellectual aristocracy is trying to keep alive traditional culture and save it from being overwhelmed by the flood of democratic vulgarisation and sentimentality. (And need I repeat again that by "highbrow," in this sense, I do *not* mean the pale pseudo-aesthetes of Chelsea and Bloomsbury who coo ecstatically over the latest eccentricity?) It is surely unnecessary to remind readers again of this aspect of modern literature. But in the visual arts the situation is different. Here there has arisen something in the nature of a renaissance of folk-art—an attack of a great mass on a small and sterile bourgeoisie. It might be expressed perhaps this way. If one may take the name of Tennyson as a symbol, the literary culture of to-day is in reaction against him because he was too sentimental, too diffuse, too narrowly subjective: the endeavour of the living poets is to restore to verse qualities which combine a classic discipline with a more universal range. But in doing so they are entirely out of touch with the mass of the people which finds even Tennyson too "classic" and difficult but prefers contemporary poetasters like Humbert Wolfe and J. C. Squire who emphasise his faults and outdistance his sentimentality.

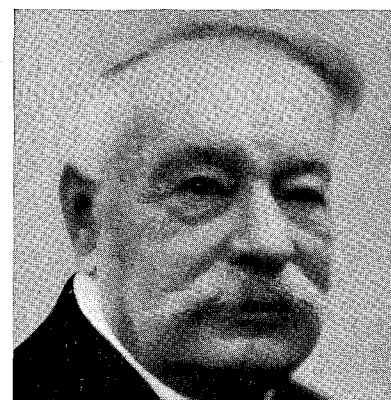
On the other hand the equivalents of Tennyson in painting and architecture are repudiated by the mass with no less fervour than by the minority. The painter and the proletariat join hands, so to speak, whereas the poet and the proletariat are further apart than ever before. (This is probably due incidentally to the fact that poetry is incomparably the most difficult of the arts either to create or to appreciate, whereas painting is the simplest.)

For a short and lucid statement of the present position in painting it would be hard to better Sir Michael Sadler's "Modern Art and Revolution" (1s.: Hogarth Press). Nor will anyone I think quarrel with his initial statement about much of modern painting and sculpture.



Roy Campbell.

"Many of the young find them instantly congenial. But the first instinctive reaction of most elderly people towards a good deal of this recent sculpture and painting is a feeling of repugnance, anger and alarm. Something in Epstein, Dobson, Skeaping and Henry Moore, something in Matisse, Picasso and Braque, disturbs them deeply and seems to convey a hint of menace."



M. Lenôtre, the historian, who succeeds the late René Bazin in *L'Académie Française*.

Modern art is indeed in a ferment. The contributing causes mainly are the growth of the idea of "functionalism" (this chiefly affects architecture) and the recent comparison of cultures. It is indeed only by grasping the idea of functionalism—that beauty comes merely from the perfect adaptation of an object to the function it exists to fulfil—that modern architecture can be understood at all. And as Le Corbusier's doctrine is practically the antithesis of the Victorian idea (which was broadly that art consisted of accretions), it is not surprising that many people, steeped in the traditional view, find appreciation difficult. But to the mass of workers who discover by experience that the beauty of a machine depends directly on its fitness for its purpose, "functionalism" is an æsthetic principle exceptionally easy to grasp; while the artist who, however he may object to it being carried out in all its logical ruthlessness, knows that the truth it embodies is the fundamental principle of all art, finds his creative impulses satisfied by the new style.

The comparison of cultures, which has been possible only in the last seventy years or so, is responsible for an even greater change in outlook. Instead of the limited Greek (or pseudo-Greek) influence which dominated sculpture until very recent times, there is now Egyptian and Assyrian, Mexican and Polynesian art as a part of tradition. In painting for instance the colour prints of Hokusai left their mark immediately on the work of Monet and Whistler no less than primitive African art influenced Modigliani.

Here again is a revolution in perception difficult for many people to grasp. As Mr. J. E. Barton writes in "Purpose and Admiration" (10s. 6d.: Christophers)—a book which is indispensable to any lay inquirer who wishes to understand "modern" art: "These perceptions which belong to our own age represent an evolution of sixty years or so. . . . They hardly exist at all in any mind, however intelligent, which by circumstance and environment has during a lifetime been acquainted only with nineteenth century art and the nineteenth century view of the old masters."

Inheritance of a Modern

In this book too occurs one of the best summaries of the position I have read: "The outlook of anybody

who has grown up since 1900, with the susceptibilities of an artist, is quite distinctive. He takes for granted the conceptions of pictorial and sculptural form which Cézanne and his followers rediscovered. He has felt and survived the impact of Van Gogh's startling personality. He knows Renoir, one of the greatest of all the moderns. . . . The young artist's world of vision is a world he shares with Picasso and Braque, Modigliani and Matisse, Derain and Ségonzac, Leger and Metzinger, Chirico and Severini. Modern plastic art has been revealed to him; not only the French sculpture typified by Maillol . . . but also the sculpture of Mestrovic and the other Jugoslavs, whose ultimate origins are Byzantine: the severity of Germans like Kolbe; and the exuberance of the Swedish Carl Milles. . . . Moreover he has been brought into touch with ancient arts not known to the last generation; the nobler archaic works of Greece and of China, the Egyptian style of the age of the Great Pyramid, the imposing monuments of Central America, and the spontaneous genius of Negro art. Last, but not least, the whole realm of practical architecture has been transformed before his eyes, signalling the dawn of a new society which aspires to plan its cities, to think in masses, and to vitalise huge forms of mechanism. It would indeed be strange if the vision of young artists resembled that of their fathers. What should rather astound us is the power of resistance, the inertia, which enables so many people, still in middle life, to exist and think and talk and see, just as if none of these new things had happened."

Mr. Shaw and Biblical Criticism

Bernard Shaw's allegory "The Adventures of the Black Girl in her Search for God" (2s. 6d.: Constable) is an attempt to increase the reading of the Bible by inculcating a rational approach—that is to say a realisation that the Old Testament represents progressive stages of religious evolution and that the idea of God changed as the moral consciousness of the Jews increased. Mr. Shaw has of course embarked on theology before, notably in his preface to "Androcles and the Lion" and "Major Barbara." I much prefer the prefaces to the allegory, whose main faults are that from the point of view of the theologian it is childish, for the average educated man it is unnecessary, and for the devout

"fundamentalist" it is unkind without being convincing.

Poet's Prose

I welcomed John Masefield's "Recent Prose" (7s. 6d.: Heinemann) for one thing at least—among the reprinted articles in his superb "Shakespeare and Spiritual Life," which was delivered as a Romanes Lecture and which is surely one of the achievements by which the Poet Laureate will live. There is also in this volume an address on "Play-writing" published for the first time, which contains a most amusing Elizabethan satire.

From another poet comes a volume of prose—a first volume and provocative, "Taurine Provence" by Roy Campbell (6s.: Desmond Harmsworth). Mr. Campbell follows Mr. Hemingway in his enthusiasm for bull-fighting, though "Death in the Afternoon" dealt with the sport in Spain whereas "Taurine Provence" is concerned with France. Both writers insist on the artistic and ritualistic side of it and both use the subject as a peg on which to hang various reflections on life and literature. Mr. Campbell makes the spirit of the bull-fighter (and the bull) a symbol of individual daring and courage lost in a decadent and democratic age. He reserves his chief fury for the "grotesque humanitarianism and spirit of reform and progress which has bathed Europe in innocent human blood during the last hundred years without conferring any benefits at all, but

only reducing us to a more savage state."

Mr. Campbell's outlook has, it may be seen, certain affinities with the nostalgia for mediævalism which characterises Mr. Chesterton and his school, and except that it is a very lively individual expression of unrest and dissatisfaction, it is hardly important because it is so isolated by being negative, retrograde and out of touch with the real revolutionary spirit of the age.

A New Venture

Mr. Geoffrey Grigson, as a critic, is not unknown to readers of THE BOOKMAN. His critical adventures among modern poetry have made him so impatient that he has started a magazine called *New Verse*, the first number of which appears this month. It will appear every two months and will cost sixpence. Its aim is to provide a hearing for young poets. I think it probable that the first issue will become a collector's item. HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON.

THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS

CRITICISM

"The Issue in Literary Criticism." By Myron F. Brightfield. 22s. (Cambridge University Press.)

A scholarly attempt, involving five years' research, to establish objective canons as a guide to criticism. The main lines of the book are in agreement with and an amplification of Mr. Eliot's position. It will not please romantic anti-traditionalists.

THEATRE

"The English Dramatic Critics." Assembled by James Agate. 12s. 6d. (Arthur Barker.)

An anthology of dramatic criticism from the seventeenth century to the present day which reflects most vividly the story of the English stage. It also, by comparison, throws into relief the extreme badness of contemporary writing on the theatre.

ART

"Purpose and Admiration: A Lay Study of the Visual Arts." 10s. 6d. (Christophers.)

(Reviewed in these columns.)

ESSAYS

"The Inequality of Man, and Other Essays." By J. B. S. Haldane. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

(Reviewed in these columns.)

A "THRILLER"

"Death of a Star." By G. D. H. and M. Cole. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

The famous economist and his wife again collaborate in a detective story which is both ingenious and well written.

A PICTURE BOOK

"Modern Caricaturists." By H. R. Westwood. 15s. (Lovat Dickson.)

A record of the best known caricaturists of all countries, profusely illustrated and annotated. A chapter is devoted to the two BOOKMAN cartoonists, Powys Evans and Thomas Derrick.

“LITERARY GENTS” By Thomas Derrick

13—W. B. YEATS

OUR OLD NOBILITY



SENATOR YEATS

“GHOSTIES AND GHOULIES”

Uses of the Supernatural in English Fiction

By Mary Butts

TODAY one form of popular writing—the detective story—has been developed on the lines proper to a new form of art. It has shape, rhythm and its own kind of epiphany. It has also become an elaborate craft; and for the reader an intricate, intelligent and enthralling game, allied to chess, insight into the spirit *in extremis*, a battle; crime-at-home in an arm-chair, with no after regrets, complications or visits from the police. (So far from being an incentive to bad conduct, as the cinemas are often called, one wonders if the perfection to which stories about sudden death are being brought, may not act as some sort of equivalent for adventurous wrongdoing to the blameless citizen, deep in the story of Death in the Train, the Tram, the Hotel, the Home, the Bath, the Bed.) A book, for example, like “The Murder of Roger Ackroyd,” with its pace and balance, the surprises and resolution of its theme, has qualities which are precisely those of a work of art; with its living characters, the well-locked joints of its events, like some old cabinet; opening and shutting smoothly and filled with secret drawers.

The subject of this essay is not the detective story, used only as an illustration that it is possible for the artist to handle any theme for the purposes of art, once he understands its limitations and its conditions. There is another form of letters, less popular, of longer descent, whose public is more anonymous and, so far as the writer knows, without its “fans”—the stories commonly called “psychic” or “on the supernatural.” These, compared with the detective story, form a very small literature to-day; yet they continue to be written and by many of our best writers. This in an age when the accepted view is that anything may be true; that anything may happen; while that none of the explanations—especially the religious explanations—we were once taught, *can* be the right one. A point of view which is a legacy from the dogmatic materialism of the last century and still unconsciously powerful; whose influence to-day leads us to describe the beliefs and faiths of our ancestors as science misunderstood; or the visions of saint or artist, profound or fruitful, curious or bizarre, as nothing *more* than a way of externalising the unconscious. Yet in spite of this—in itself a half-conscious process and the common man’s partial submission to it—people still write and turn out tolerable or even excellent work on the subjects they are not supposed to believe in at all—the old *motif* of ghost and spirit; and of our occasional sense of awareness of other forms of life other than those shown us by our senses.

It is curious, along with the sheikh story and other folk-themes, this class of work exists, without erotic or detective attractions. At the end of a ghost-story there is no one to be married and no one to be hung. Neither beds nor blood occur much in them. Their problems are not for ingenuity to solve. Their scope is wide, and for the worst demands some imagination. They range from sheer silliness to real literature. Even

the greatest of poets has touched on witchcraft and the elemental powers, evil or exquisite.

It would even seem that writers are more and more making use of the “supernatural” *conte*. Anthologies are devoted to it, and omnibus volumes. From conviction that there is “something in it”? From pleasure at the material? But if the matter pleases, it should contain a minimum of truth. What sort of truth? Would a story—to take Professor Bury’s suggestion of a hypothesis which can hardly be proved false—of a race of donkeys, alive on Sirius, who speak English and spend their time discussing eugenics—make a story of any interest or value? Only if the donkeys were really there, and another state of existence shown. Or if they were used symbolically, as a criticism on the life of man. Ghost-stories cannot fall into the last class. Their common business is “to make our flesh creep.” And by that we mean, not simple horror or terror at a new and generally evil world, usually invisible but interlocked with ours; we mean also a stirring, a touching of nerves not usually sensitive, an awakening to more than fear—but to something like awareness and conviction or even memory. A touching of nerves inherited from our savage ancestors? Well, that is one explanation, drawn from the lately discovered fact that, like savages to-day, our forefathers thought “animistically,” endowed everything that lives with life, like or unlike his own. (All artists still do.) The kind of life depending on what piece of nature they were looking at, alive or dead; and on the *quality* each individual brought to his contemplation.

There is a tree, a scarred pine, in the park at Azay les Rideaux, which might inspire another “Golden Bough.” Any “savage ancestor” of mine would have sworn that it pounced, when I stared at it (though it instantly frightened me), and talked about Van Gogh, instead of placating and adoring; and that the ring that slipped out of my ear and rolled through the only crack in the plank bridge, was the offering it had taken, since I had not made one; and that the sickness that came on me an hour or so later was the tree asserting its power. . . .

Like taxi-windows, stories of the supernatural fall into two classes. Their borders are sometimes indistinct, but the first order, implicitly or explicitly, assume theories of life existing beyond, or generally beyond our perception; theories which, in different makes-up—some hideous, some lovely, some awful, some idiotic—are immeasurably old; and not *all* accounted for by our increased scientific knowledge of the world. Theories which suppose laws, a range of beings from gods and bogies to daimones and God, an atlas of unknown worlds, physically existing regions beyond the senses of man. This is the first class. The second class are tales, well or ill told, about things happening which do not happen, all theory ignored. Their success depends on their getting the reader into a state, varying from desire to get into bed quickly and,

most irrationally, not to sleep face to the wall and give horror a chance to creep up behind, to a sudden quickening of the mind to a sense that it is the bed, the book, the body that are shadows; or at least that there is a "real" outside them, tangible as "an army with banners." While both classes unite in trying to persuade us that "*millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen.*"

There is a third class that we can leave out altogether—the vulgar stuff, the sniggerers in the cheap magazines at stories of the appearance of the dead. Afraid of the dead and of what they call "science"; doubly false, either by a cheap finale where Science is called in and patted on the back because it has declared such phenomena impossible. Or derided because it has shown man the way to such knowledge and his infinite capacity for error—above all, in a field where his five senses are not all that he needs to arrive at truth. Such work need not be considered, except for the light it throws on modern imbecility and superstition *à rebours*. Though now and again there is valuable material to be found in popular books which propose to tell of historical visions and hauntings; valuable either as story-material or as evidence; one notably in a volume in wide circulation, a rehash of appearances "alleged to have been seen" in an Irish castle to-day.

A singular intelligence and a writer of degraded English assembled that book. Quotations from eighteenth century anonymities are admitted as evidence; along with letters fifty years old from a Mrs. X in India, who dreamed that her daughter was dead. And dead she was. A girl forgets the name of a flower; dreams that she meets a woman called by its name. This is tabulated under "occult" in 1923, by an author who drags in a quotation from Zeno that "not until we study our dreams shall we reach truth."

Yet the story, or rather the series of stories of things seen in that castle, culminating in one unspeakable apparition, is of sober and awful interest. The story is a well-known one, apart from this version. A number of people—of whom several died soon after—wrote out their account of it. This evidence apart, there is some

quality in the description that rings true, masters the commonplace eyes that saw it, the trashy English in which it is written up. If the whole business is a fabrication, it is one that moved an abominable writer to the use of simple and convincing words. It is the story of an animal-thing, seen, heard and smelt, but impervious to touch and infecting like a poison. If true at all, it comes under the class of creatures called "Elementals"—a very ancient belief and a name old enough to be decent. Ariel was one and Caliban another, in the antique supposed order of such natures, outside the skins, furs, shells and feathers of our earth.

But to leave this lowest class of our age's half shamefaced interest in supernatural beliefs, there is a considerable and variously entertaining literature worth examination. We have divided it into two classes: authors with a psychic axe to grind, who wish to persuade us that current materialism and credulity are alike insufficient; or those who seek only to produce horror and wonder; or at best, and without explanation, the consciousness of a universe enlarged. Starting with the last, the stories of Professor Montagu James are in a class alone. He has no psychic axe to grind, no theory of which he wishes to persuade us. Cheerfully he says in each preface



"A scarred pine."

From a woodcut by Nan Leeder.

that he hopes these idle little tales will entertain, before proceeding to frighten us out of our wits. A master of plain style like plain-chant, a humanist, a scholar and an observer of men, half the force of his stories lies in the simplicity of their setting. The wailing, luminous nun in the ruined abbey may or may not wail and shine? Who cares? We rarely pass the night there. But no one can be quite sure that what happens in Professor James's tales may not happen to him. His "terrain" is Trollope's, and as familiar. The garden, the library, the cathedral, the country hotel. The terror, in essence, that comes upon his agreeable humanist gentlemen is the fear of a life, believed to be dead and buried, returning and rising to the contemporary surface like a bubble from some foul bottom, breaking on some clear pool where men usually whip for fish. The stories are without theory, pure evocations of man's still latent fear that there is an

animal life outside the animals he knows, less than human life and more, and infinitely malignant. Such is the theory of the evil elemental spirits, implicit in Professor James, making him the principal master in our second classification; where the object is not theory or persuasion, but telling the tale and, with luck, evocation.

His second theme is the pleasant fancy of a body that is not properly dead. Not decently haunting in a luminous transparency, but hideously changed, and charged with a vitality due to its evil life on earth; in one form or another, beast, pest and ghost.

On these he rings hideous and awful changes, culminating in that masterpiece, "The Mezzotint," sober little Cambridge episode, persuading us by the sheer perfection of its invention; forcing one to say: "If this sort of thing can happen, it happens like this."

While, for all his kind, sceptical disclaimers of any intention but to amuse, there are implications in Professor James. It would not surprise me if once—and he will never own to it—he has met something uncommonly like the presence or the work of an evil spirit. Or that there has been but one episode in his life which gave him a psychic "turn," left an impress on his imagination. Even that someone underground once came up, and made him aware of it in no easy shape; and that this one encounter gave him the material for five books. Some experience, apart from his immense scholarship, he must have had. Or it is also possible that the belief and the experience in some old book came through and stamped itself on him and persuaded him.

As to the possible existence of such creatures, it is curious to note that men's gods have come and gone, but that the belief in "them" (and in the evil far more than in the good) has not changed much. The last is inevitable and human enough. Isis and Osiris have passed from our devotions or, if evoked, not by name; but the *kêrês* of sickness and destruction seem as long-lived as the *amœba*. Demons in short. And all nonsense and misunderstanding of natural phenomena apart, when imaginative writing reaches a certain degree of precision, produces such an effect of reality, it is difficult to see how this is done if the observation implied in the writing is without *some* foundation in experience. A love-song may not be about one particular love-affair but, if it is a good one, it is about love. A writer must, if only half consciously, believe in what he is writing about. Details he can invent, and setting; terror and wonder he must have known and may have reflected on; at least putting the question if their origin was only in himself. There is a Dutch Primitive of the mockers of Christ; faces, one hopes, that never have been seen on earth—their quality of bestial cruelty is not of this world. Where did the painter find them?

There are moments when one remembers Lecky. In his "History of Rationalism," writing on the kindred subject of witchcraft, he says: "In our day . . . it would be altogether impossible for such an amount of evidence to accumulate round a conception which had no substantial basis in fact." And that, "When we consider the multitudes of strange statements that were sworn and registered in legal documents," the way to a wholly rationalistic explanation is hard. (Lecky

went on to explain it by saying that fashions have changed; the persecution for witchcraft ceased, more because the belief in it went out of fashion, than for any failure of evidence.)

Still, granting every ghost-story ever written a lie, and that each phenomena examined by the Society for Psychical Research to mean, not what it is supposed to mean but, as Mr. Aldous Huxley suggests, something else—a question remains, more easy to feel than to ask. Professor James can say as often as he likes that he only does it for fun, but through his masterpieces like "The Mezzotint" and "Casting the Runes," through all his books, the same theme repeats. Something called his attention to them; turned the mind of the archæologist and ex-Provost of Eton to "ghosties and ghoulies and long-leggity beasties and things that go bump in the night"; from which the Scots Litany prayed that the Lord would deliver us.

Leaving Professor James to his fun, there is Mr. E. F. Benson, who can write gaily and wittily about people of fashion; soberly and well about things which are supposed never to happen at all. He can go to the length of a novel about it, and it is not a subject which usually lends itself to full-dress. Lytton's "Zanoni" is written round a full-fledged theory, and would to-day I think be found unreadable, though the idea of it is interesting—and very ancient. Lytton was a serious student. Mr. Benson's "Image in the Sand" is also a bad novel, tiresome and padded. Apart from the earlier chapters, in which he said all he had to say, the reader finds himself insisting: "If any part of this business happened, and I feel rather that the beginning did, it did not develop and, above all, *end* like this." But his collection of short stories, "The Room in the Tower," has in it as good work as has ever been done. Brick kilns remain the brick kiln which could be seen from that house. A kiln with a man going in and out, with nothing particular about him but his hands, one of which carried a knife; and his wrists, round which played a small light, dirty and impure.

It is Mr. Benson's attitude to his subject, to-day almost improper, as though one of the arts had had an illegitimate baby, which gives his work a great part of its charm. His sharp contempt for spiritualist humbugs and illusions; his pleasure in the more comforting kind of story (he is one of the few who deal with good spirits); his reasonable wish to convince us that our world, whether we like it or not, has more in it and more comfort for our spirits than it is fashionable to-day to admit; the belief that certain incredulities impoverish us, and are no more truly scientific than past superstitions; that change is the true name of death.

As in the story of the Long Gallery, where the tortured baby ghosts, who innocently bring death, lose their power to destroy when the girl masters her fear enough to sit beside them on the floor and bless them. It would be hard to find fault with Mr. Benson's attitude, his impatience with the sentimentality and shameless credulity and wish-fulfilments of most popular spiritualism; whose follies hinder research by disgusting people capable of weighing the evidence; and aware how far a desire for personal immortality is responsible for the "revelations" given under most conditions of trance. His "Spinach" is a gay story of two young



E. F. Benson.
Portrait by Elliott & Fry.

further shores. He knows the worst of fraudulent and silly psychism, the handle it gives to the materialist, the instrument he would have been called, in any age but our own, of despair. Immortality apart, a word none of us can realise, if there is no continuance after death for those who die when they should live, at ten years or ten months, or young of disease or accident, or young in battle, nothing can make this earth rational for the only rational animal known to it.

Mr. Benson knows too the narrowness that confines the question to that of survival after death. With James, his stories pass in settings we know, are often obvious *contes*, arrangements of what might happen, whether it did actually or not. But now and then his story turns on what he obviously and passionately believes to have happened—our possession by the powers of good and evil, our logical blessedness or punishment after death. It is here chiefly that he wished to persuade or even to teach. (It is curious. Up to our age a writer, even the most detached artist, was allowed to teach. Having special love or knowledge of something, he was supposed to hand it on. The present world, its majority suddenly become literate, unless the subject is technical, faints at the thought. Until it is noticed that, having read any imaginative work from Aristophanes to Ronald Firbank, and taken pleasure in it, something of its quality has entered in and become part of oneself. Has made one more aware and *sensible*, using the writer's eyes. So that one finds out that, after all, one has learned.) But the present theory seems to be that one can learn about engineering or beetles from a book; not fortitude and faith from Marcus Aurelius. Even Wilde, founder, abroad at least, of so much of modern æstheticism, set out, in "De Profundis" and "The Soul of Man," to persuade at least.

To return to the subject: it is also curious that, over all this field of letters, the opposite idea to that implied by "possession" should be so little used. If man can be in contact with more than human intelligences, as Plotinus though he was, and Socrates and Saint Joan of Arc, why are there so few stories about the man delivered by death after a life well spent, or of earthly contact with some spirit of life and grace? Ariel instead of Caliban. If the business of such writing is to awaken

professional mediums, who by chance strike the "real thing"—contact with a boy struck by lightning, with something on his mind he is forced to tell; this, and his slow fading-out into their usual subconscious fabrications about white robes and

consciousness, why should horror be the form preferred? Is it that, without a shudder, interest is lost? But why should it be? Apart from Mr. Benson, there is only one writer of distinction who has seen beyond this. Her place is later. In the past Hogg

found an answer; but he comes at the end of a series, begun in the Middle Ages—the Scottish and Border magic poems, almost the only poems *on* magic which *are* magic. That no one can write now, unless one must count Mr. de la Mare.

Thomas the Rhymer, whose prophecy quoted in the sixteenth century seems to have come rather accurately true in the beginning of the nineteenth, met on Huntley Bank a woman he took for the Virgin Mary. She told him that she was not, but queen of those people the Irish call the *Sdì*. He followed her, and they went off together on the Border Hills. There the transition took place, which has been observed before and after, when a place becomes another place; and you know what you have suspected before—that all the time it has been two places at once.

"It was mirk, mirk night, there was nae starlight,
They waded through red blood to the knee;
For all the blood that's shed on airth
Runs through the springs of that country.

"It was mirk, mirk night, there was nae starlight,
They waded through rivers abune the knee;
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea."

That is one description of a state evoked, of consciousness enlarged. Thomas came out of it all right in the end, with his future as prophet and as poet made. His adventure has a certain relation with Plutarch's young man, and what happened to him in the cave of Triphonios. Variations on an initiation rite, public and sacerdotal, or accidental. And few people would dare to say that these experiences and these rites did not sometimes initiate. Remember E. M. Forster's definition of blasphemy, to the Northern mind a question of bad taste; to the Latin or Mediterranean, "the incorrect performance of certain acts, especially sacramental acts." Why? Because such acts were in their essence automatic receipts for taking a man out of his body and putting him, and even it, into another state of existence. The rules of the game, the natural laws set in motion, or even their existence, were and are imperfectly stated and never understood. While Heaven alone knew the consequences of tampering with them. Hence the danger of amateur meddling.

(To be continued)



Walter de la Mare.



John Buchan.
Portrait by Howard Coster.

IN MEMORY OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

By Margaret Bell

... but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle danger, we pluck this flower safety."

For ten years these words have looked out from their simple setting on a gravestone in the communal cemetery of Avon, near Fontainebleau. They had appeared in the front of Katherine Mansfield's book, "Bliss." She liked them, and that is why to-day they stand above her grave.

On the afternoon of January 9th, 1923, John Middleton Murry went over from London to spend a week with her in Fontainebleau, where she had been living at the Gurdjieff Institute for more than two months, trying to put into practice the ideas she had had for a long time, "of another and far more truthful existence," and trying to cure herself of her terrible illness. She had written him on New Year's Eve, inviting him for this time: "On the 13th our new theatre is to be opened. It will be a wonderful experience..."

She missed the wonderful experience. At ten o'clock, on the night of the 9th, she had a fit of coughing worse than usual. At 10.30 her long fight against disease, and against the disunion she had felt everywhere around her, was at an end. She died happy. Middleton Murry writes: "I have never seen, nor shall I ever see anyone so beautiful as she was on that day."

Only thirty-four years old, a third of which was spent in a struggle against poverty, a fifth wasted by tuberculosis, but all lived deeply and sincerely, whether in exaltation, whether in despair. The living of life to the fullest was her passion: "With all my soul I long for a real life, for truth and for real strength."

The innumerable dyings one must endure in order to live anew! "I have to make such big changes. I feel the only thing to do is to get the dying over, to court it almost. ... And then, all hands to the business of being born again."

The disunion, apparent all through her youthful years and culminating with the War, racked her spirit and laid waste her body. She felt confident that if she could attain the process by which the Spirit of Life was contacted, her body would be healed and she would enter consciously into that *rapport* of which she had many fleeting sensings. And she cried: "O Life, accept me—make me worthy, teach me."

She was scarcely twenty-three when she realised that her phase of youthful cynicism was finished. The War had begun; the hatred of Germany was at its height. Publishers, remembering the caustic criticism of the Germans in her book, "In a German Pension," made her handsome offers for it. It was then out of print, she was greatly in need of money and the sum offered her looked like a fortune. But she could not accept it. She could not add to the hatred of Germany by allowing the book to appear just then. There was too much hate in the world already. One must somehow try to avoid all thought of the War by going into beautiful, quiet places. So she took a cottage in Buckinghamshire. There surely she could write with no disturbing sounds but the birds' songs and the light snuffle of the wind in the leaves.

But she could not write. She could think out stories by the dozen, but that was all. The country sounds began to bother her; then the fogs came and lay thick in the hollows of the fields. She longed for London; she could not overcome her nervous lack of repose. "I am never, never calm, even for an instant."

She had never been at ease in any place. At home in New Zealand after her five years in Queen's College, London, she was wretchedly unhappy. New Zealand seemed provincial to her, while London represented all the intellectual life of the world. After much persuading, she had induced her father to allow her to return to England on a small allowance.

Then there were times when the society of "charming people" did not seem quite real to her: "Pretty rooms and pretty people, pretty coffee and cigarettes out of a silver tankard. A sort of sham Meredith atmosphere lurking. I was wretched."

Realities, honesty, the truth of things—the older she grew, the more intense became her craving for the "life of life." Sincere people, trees, the passing of a flock of swallows, the sunset and the sounding sea "so full of little laughs" on certain days—these were some of her delights. To loiter in a gleaming garden held possibilities beyond expressing. But it must be a natural garden. "The French gardens are nothing but potential salad bowls."

Sometimes she wondered if her youthful passion for people had not made her ignorant of things she should have learned. In college, when she should have been thinking of great historical events and other important facts, what had she

done? Sat and pictured her professors in their homes, surrounding them with the kinds of families they should have. "I lived in the girls, the professors, the big, lovely building, the leaping fires in winter, the abundant flowers in summer."

Always this deep sense of livingness coupled with an insatiable desire to pierce the heart of life. Of one thing she was convinced—that much of life's mystery had to do with this thing of being constantly reborn. One must keep sloughing off the "old man" to prepare for the new.

Then would come the question: "What if the new man will not live?" How was one to hold oneself open to the flow of life, to become one with it and remain one? There were so many obstacles that prevented this union: Poverty, the shuddering cold of winter fogs creeping through loose walls; the irk of domestic tasks, the weariness of a frail body, the racking pain of illness; most of all, the spiritual agony consequent on all these things. How to adjust herself, how to accept them all and make them a part of life—this was the problem to be met and solved.

How to keep faith with the world at war and hatred poisoning men's minds. She had hours of torturing idleness, when "the words just won't come." Why wouldn't they come, when she had so many stories to tell?

They came at last; the stories were written. But they all came back to her. Was there no editor who thought



Katherine Mansfield.

them worth publishing? "Can I not make myself felt as a real personal force?"

Her young brother came from New Zealand to serve in France, spending a week with her and Murry in St. John's Wood. What talks they had! "Do you remember this, Katie?" "I'll never forget that pink garden seat." Memories of their childhood in the big white pillared house in New Zealand. There was complete understanding between those two. The week flew. Before they realised it, the time had come for Chummie to go to France.

"Suddenly he kisses her.

"Good-bye, darling."

"Ah, why do you say that?"

"Darling, good-bye, good-bye."

And now she has the harrowing hours of waiting for some word of him. She has not long to wait. Before even a month has gone the word comes—the most harrowing. Chummie is dead.

That was in the autumn of 1915. A dreary, lifeless autumn, unbearable in England, unbearable especially in the garden where they had talked, and in the little top room where she had planned with him how she would write of their childhood, and put on the front page: "To my brother, Leslie Heron Beauchamp."

The fogs were thick that autumn, the days raw. She could not get warm. So she closed the house in St. John's Wood and went with Murry to Bandol, in the South of France. But even there the sun was not bright enough to warm her frozen spirit. "Though he is lying in the middle of a little wood and I am still walking upright and feeling the sun and the wind from the sea, I am just as much dead as he is. The present and the future mean nothing to me."

No longer did she feel that old eager curiosity when she was to meet new people; no longer wished to explore new places. The natural result followed—she became ill. Murry had to go back to London, and she was left alone. This was bad; it gave her too much time to brood. She imagined that the rheumatic pain from which she was suffering was heart trouble. She feared it, yet longed to die. But she might not die until she had discharged her "sacred debt" to Chummie, had written those recollections of their childhood.

She bent every effort toward the discharge of this debt; she sat before her table, staring at the clean white paper, then staring past it to the bunch of red geraniums in the corner and the flowering almond tree outside the window. Not a word came. Weeks passed like this, then suddenly, as she had prayed it would, came "the flow." She saw a group of children. What would she call them? Isabel, Lottia, Kezia. . . . Whole hosts of New Zealand memories flowed through her. Thus was started the long short story, "Prelude."

When she returned to England in April it was finished. But she could find no place for it. The need for money was urgent. What was she to do? Try to write the kind of things the public seemed to want? Not if such writing was not true. Above all she must write the truth as she saw it, "Simply, fully, freely, from my heart," and wait till it was wanted.

To keep this idea before her, to keep faith with herself—this was her struggle in the face of constant disappointment. All of her stories were returned.

She was living in a studio in Church Street, Chelsea, and Murry had a couple of dingy rooms not far away. You walked past the Belgian pastrycook's and the *delicatessen* shop; perhaps you stopped before the pawnbroker's window and wondered what you had that would bring in a few shillings. . . . Life was free and easy around the Fulham Road, and if the greengrocer tacked on an extra halfpenny when you were foolish enough to wear your best coat marketing, why, that was your fault.

There was scarcely any butter, and cream had long since disappeared. Things were going badly in France, and bombs rained on London with the coming of every full moon. How to live in a world of hate, yet not be of it?

How to keep one's sense of proportion, one's honesty and one's humour?

In the midst of all such musings would come an outburst such as: "I have just thoroughly cleaned and attended to my fountain pen. If after this it leaks it is *no* gentleman."

The strain was too much; she caught a chill which developed into pleurisy. Her doctor advised the South of France. Happy thought this. "I see a little house with flower patches under the windows, and the soft mass of a haystack at the back. . . . The sea runs very high. . . . Some small white clouds top the mountain like tossed-up smoke." She got her passport and set off joyously.

But in the two years since she had been to France, conditions had entirely changed. She had an appalling journey. Worst of all, the Bandol she had known no longer existed. The whole town was slovenly from neglect; the food was unspeakable. Even so, she would get well, for the rocks remained and the sounding sea. So she told herself.

But she did not get well. Each day she grew weaker. "I can barely walk, can't think, don't dare to go to sleep, because if I do I know I'll lie awake through the night, and that is my horror."

This was too serious; she must not be so, must not think so much about the racking pain in her left shoulder. And she dashed off a limerick about it:

A doctor who came from Jamaica
Said: "This time I'll mend her or break her.
I'll ply her with serum;
And if she can't bear 'em,
I'll call in the next undertaker."

Her loneliness, and the feeling of spiritual isolation that she had, added to her fatigue. She could not overcome the fear that she was seriously ill. She struggled to overcome it, but one morning she woke with a deeper cough than usual and a strange taste in her mouth. She was paralysed with fear; this really was serious.

She faced things. Did she want to die? Not just yet. Not because she was only twenty-eight, but because she did not want to be away from her husband if she was to die, and more particularly because she had not done the work she had planned.

As soon as she was able she began preparations for her return to England. After a frightful journey she reached Paris on the day on which the long-range bombardment began. For three weeks she was obliged to wait there, on every day of which she had to visit various offices in order to obtain permission either to remain or to depart.

When she arrived in London her friends were shocked at her appearance. It did not seem possible that four months of illness could work such havoc on a human body. She went to Murry's two rooms at the edge of Chelsea. She liked the blowsy old street; there was more freedom in it than in more self-respecting streets. Its inhabitants were writers, artists, cranks of all kinds. She would have liked to stay there till the end of the War, for she could write there. But the sun did not stay long in the gloomy ground-floor rooms, and she coughed too much. She had had acceptances at last—the first in three years. Austin Harrison wanted "Bliss" for his *English Review*; *Arts and Letters* wanted "Pictures" and "The Man Without a Temperament."

About the middle of May she went to Cornwall, and Murry began house-hunting in Hampstead. These constant separations were painful. What was the use of being married if one had to live here, the other there, three-fourths of the time? One missed the security of a home. Then would come visions of the New Zealand terraces and the big old house. But New Zealand was more than eleven thousand miles away and she would only weary of its too stultifying safety, as she had wearied before.

There were happy hours when she got back to London, to the house in Hampstead that Murry had succeeded in finding. A home at last, with a cat in it, a real kitchen, and outside a garden simply bursting with red geraniums. She had interesting friends too, and the urge to work.

What did it matter that the old hot iron kept burning in her lung?

It mattered enough. The old hot iron sapped her energy; when autumn came she had to go away again—to Italy this time. Well, she found that she could still appreciate the South; this was something: “Still to taste the warm sunlight that melted in your mouth; still to smell the white, spicy scent of the rosemary growing in little tufts among the red rocks close to the brim of the sea.”

As long as she felt these things, she need not fear stagnation; and as long as she could do another thing she had been able to do of late—make real certain fantasies of her imagination. These fantasies always came at night, just before she slept. They were much more real than dreams; were a kind of “consolation prize” for all her suffering. It was as if, for these few fluttering moments, she were gifted with true vision. The result was a strengthening of her convictions: “Honesty is the only thing one seems to prize beyond life, love, death, everything. . . . O you who come after me, will you believe it? At the end, *truth* is the only thing worth having; it is more thrilling than love, more joyful and more passionate. It simply cannot fail.”

But thoughts and visions cannot satisfy completely the hungerings of a human soul. There were days of torturing loneliness, when the roaring of the sea outside her window was insufferable, when her sense of isolation was so great it made her “faint with misery.”

The doctor told her she must remain indoors for two months—not attempt to walk at all. An invalid! The irony of it, when all she asked of life was to *live*!

The coming of the postman was the great event of the day. One day he brought great news: her book of short stories, “Bliss,” was sold. How thrilling! She must see the advance cheque and send it off to the bank with her own hands. Pure childishness, she knew, but what of that?

This good fortune made her eager to go on working. Hundreds of stories still remained unwritten, and there was, besides, her regular article for the *Athenæum*, which Murry now was editing. Book criticisms. How few books were worth the criticising! They were not true; most of them seemed to have been written “more from pastime than from passion.” Their characters had no life; they never seemed “to renew themselves or to grow.”

How could she express what she knew to be the true function of literature? It was rather difficult to say simply. She must say it. So she wrote: “The greatest literature, the literature that scarcely exists, has not merely an aesthetic object nor merely a didactic object, but in addition a creative object: that of subjecting its readers to a real and at the same time illuminating experience. Major literature is, in short, an initiation into truth.”

Perhaps her readers would not like such solemn preaching. She dashed off a generalisation about the average writers, “who will guarantee to produce the same thrill with variations for you, once, twice or thrice yearly. Their great aim is never to show a sign of change—to make their next novel as good as their last, but no better; to take their readers for an excursion, as it were, but always to put up at the same hotel, where they know the waiters’ faces and the way to the bath-room, and the shape of the biscuits that accompany the cheese.”

Before very long she was recognised as a true critic; more important still, as a remarkable creator of short stories. “Bliss” caused a mild furore among the people competent to judge. By the others—those who prefer to have all their cookies sugar-coated—it was considered cruel and bitter. Galsworthy, Wells, de la Mare, such men as “knew the difference between cruelty and clarity,” were lavish in their praise. Their letters seemed to give her actual physical strength to write the stories which were to make up her next book.

“I’m ever so much better,” she wrote to a friend, “and can walk and talk, but a part of my left lung is gone, and that means my heart is not a boxer’s heart, and I’ll never

be able to climb trees or run or swim again. . . . I’m terribly happy all the same, and I don’t *think* the world has lost an athlete, darling, do you?”

How she worked during the next six months! No question now of having to coax her Muse. She simply burned with energy. If a story was not finished at bedtime, she kept on at it until it was. Then for hours she could not sleep because of her excitement. But what did that matter? “There is no feeling to be compared with the feeling of having written and finished a story.”

Between working times she allowed herself to dream a little. A charming cottage in the country, not too far from London, where she and Murry could potter around in the garden, read aloud to each other, have the right people down for week-ends; a few good pictures, lots of books, music. “And I’d like a child as well, a baby boy; *mais je demande trop*.”

It looked as if part of the dream at least might be realised. “The Garden Party” was sold and published. Now all the hostile critics fell into line with the others, and all piped in the same key: “The most remarkable short-story writer of her generation in England.”

Fame at last; floods of letters from persons unknown to her, as well as from those long established in her profession. How difficult to answer them, to say all that she wished to say! To Galsworthy she wrote: “I scarcely know how to thank you. Your noble, generous praise is such precious encouragement that all I can do is try to deserve it. I want to promise you that I shall never do less than my best, that I will try not to fail you. But this sounds superficial and far from my feeling. . . .”

She answered the letters from unknown correspondents too, and in all of them drove home her conviction: “It’s truth we are after, no less.”

There came too letters from editors asking for work: “I’m to do twelve spasms of 2,000 words each for Clement Shorter.”

Gratifying of course after all her years of waiting, yet very challenging. Would she be able to discharge all these obligations? On the strength of them, she found someone to type the next few stories for her. Also she went out and bought herself “a sweet-pretty-hat-it-was-indeed-miss, and walked away in it, carrying my dead one in a paper bag.”

Her own case must be faced. She knew that she could never get strong until she made an effort to cure herself, until she plucked all the vanity from her soul, disciplined her mind not to sink into despair. “The more I know of life, the more I realise it is profoundly influenced by certain laws, no matter how many people ignore them. If we obey them, our work goes well; we get our desire. It’s like studying the tides before we put out to sea. . . . We are all sailors bending over a great map. We ought to choose the weather for our journey.”

All this rushing back and forth—England in summer, Switzerland sometimes; Italy in winter; all the milk and eggs which added a little flesh to her body, all the soundings, all the tappings on her chest; all the X-ray treatments in Paris that cost more than she could afford, of what avail were they if she felt “divided” in herself? She was convinced that the cause of her suffering lay much deeper than her poor emaciated lung.

What was she to do about it? How save the little life that remained in her? “Do I believe in medicine alone? No, never. In science alone? No, never. It seems to me childish and ridiculous to suppose one can be cured like a cow, *if one is not a cow*.”

For five years she had been looking for someone who would agree with her in this. At last she seemed to have found him—Gurdjieff, the Russian. At Fontainebleau he had established a kind of “spiritual brotherhood,” the object of which was to achieve regeneration of the spirit and consequent health of body. Katherine Mansfield’s heart leaped when she heard of this community. Was not this just what she had been seeking for years? She knew that before she could go on with her work she must attain an inner purification, which would make her vision “crystal

clear." She had reached an impasse, her mind was arid, her spring of life clogged. Even supposing some miracle happened which would give her physical strength—and she knew it would have to be a miracle—she could not write any more until she had entirely changed her perspective.

Why not join the Gurdjieff Institute? It was a risk of course after all her years of apathy, but surely a risk worth taking.

But how could she be sure it was worth taking? So far it was largely experimental.

She must decide. This wavering made her a nervous wreck. Well, then, she would join. Her decision paralysed her. "I am terrified of what I am going to do. All the voices out of the past say: 'Don't do it.'"

But the past was dead. . . .

Toward the end of 1922 she entered the Institute. She was no more than a shadow, her voice was a whisper, she wavered when she walked. I met a woman who was a member of the Institute at the time. She said of Katherine Mansfield: "She was thoroughly beautiful, with such gentle manners and loving ways. There was no doubt that she had already attained the inner purity she had so ardently desired."

The life at the Institute was strange to her, and arduous. The fifty or sixty members did all the work connected with it; there were no laggards there. "One is whirled along at a great rate. But I cannot tell you what a joy it is to be living with people who are not afraid to be themselves. It's a kind of supreme airing."

A relaxation too. She began to be conscious of a deep inner calm and a flooding of love through her such as she had never known before. It was as if her long search for union were at last accomplished. She did not wish to do any writing until the spring. By that time she would have become adjusted to her new life, would have been at ease with the "new man" she had become. In the meantime she was happy.

But the "new man" demanded a new abode. Not France, not England, not even New Zealand eleven thousand miles away. All of these perhaps and more. To yield herself completely to this demand, she must relinquish in its entirety the "old man." To find her life she must lose it.

The losing and the finding were accomplished suddenly. On that night, January 9th, ten years ago, she yielded joyously to the necessity for full renunciation. Out of the nettle danger, she had plucked at last the flower safety.

WHAT'S IN A TITLE?

By H. Vincent Brome

"Were it inquired of an ingenious writer," d'Israeli wrote in "Curiosities of Literature," "what page of his work had occasioned him most perplexity, he would often point to the title page." That is hardly true. The creative artist has far greater difficulties to face. Nevertheless, as d'Israeli clearly illustrates, titles are vitally important. He relates the story of the English novel, "The Champion of Virtue." Published under that title it proved a hopeless failure, but reprinted with the



W. B. Maxwell.

name "The Old English Baron" it leapt into fame.

Dickens, we know from his letters, spent many weary hours selecting his titles. It needed months of meditation to evolve "A Tale of Two Cities," and the creation of Martin Chuzzlewit's surname was a little masterpiece of careful pruning and selection. From Sweezleden it went to Sweezleback, from Sweezlewig to Chuzzletoe, and then on through Chuzzleboy, Chubblewig and Chuzzlewig, eventually resolving into Chuzzlewit. There are those who consider that "Martin Chuzzlewit" would never have reached its present standing without that title.

"David Copperfield" was equally troublesome. While the story was coming to life in Dickens's mind he wrote from Brighton: "My mind running like a high sea on names—not satisfied yet." The process of selection with his journals was even more difficult and elaborate. Frequently he started with a trite, catchpenny title, which might have offended the lowest tastes, but he rarely abandoned his search until he had discovered something far more apt and inspired. *All the Year Round* he originally intended to call *Household Harmony*.

Remembering Dr. Johnson's remarks when he was about to publish the *Rambler*, and Sir Joshua Reynolds inquired how he had hit upon the title, it seems quite obvious that he had little faith in this industrious method of selection. "What must be done, Sir," he replied, "will be done. When I was to begin publishing that paper, I was at a loss

how to name it. I sat down at night upon my bedside and resolved that I would not go to sleep till I had fixed its title. The *Rambler* seemed the best that occurred, and I took it."

As we know, among the old masters, from Defoe to Meredith, it was the classical style to name a novel after one of the protagonists, but today this method is not nearly so popular. The technique of the title has become more complicated.

Although Compton Mackenzie selected several of his titles without great labour, he considers that titles are most important. An etching by Muirhead Bone, a man Mr. Mackenzie has long admired, suggested "Sinister Street" to him. "Carnival" he originally intended to call "London Pride," but a play with this title was produced about the same time, and he had to surrender it. While he was planning the book his wife took to playing Schumann's "Carnaval," and it suddenly came to Mr. Mackenzie that the name might aptly fit his own novel.

Mr. E. F. Benson considers that the Book of Proverbs is the origin of most good titles. That source failing, and the plot itself defying crystallisation in a phrase, he falls back upon the classical method of naming the book after his chief character.

Mr. W. B. Maxwell invariably selects his title before he sets pen to paper, and his publishers as invariably reject it. The tastes of publishers seem to be as fickle and intangible as those of the reading public. "Spinster of this Parish," one of Mr. Maxwell's most successful books, has, he considers, an ideal title, conforming to the best standards. The phrase is familiar and flows easily, it succeeds in suggesting the whole story in the compass of four words, and none of them are clumsy. Are these the best standards? Who can say. Surely the nature of each novel dictates its own standards.



Compton Mackenzie.

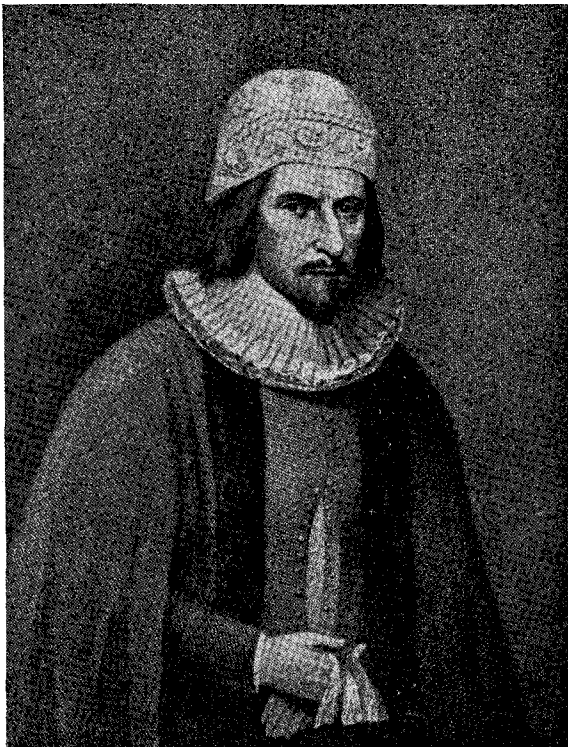
Literature and the Cities—I

WHAT MANCHESTER HAS GIVEN TO LITERATURE

By Godfrey Talbot

The intelligent foreigner links Manchester with Mammon and Music, and even the citizen, as his morning tram shows him the new Reference Library that is being constructed at St. Peter's Square, will often meditate—maybe not unnaturally—upon municipal economy rather than literary wealth. Manchester's culture seems to suffer from Manchester's commerce.

Commerce is bad however, and thousands of business men in the city simply cannot find business. A movement is now developing which aims to foster real civic pride in the cultural as well as the commercial Manchester among the rank and file ratepayers. These two factors may suggest that there is time and inclination to-day for more than ordinary consideration of the literary and artistic things that are Manchester's. But I think there is progress yet to be made before the city has a worthy



Humphrey Chetham.

appreciation of its place in the world of books and writers by the general reader. Manchester is unusually rich in literary societies, and in their ranks are learned scholars, poets and antiquaries; but on the other hand there is profound ignorance inside as well as outside the city of the measure of this industrial centre's contribution to authorship. Perhaps even when the facts are known it is thought that the quota of great literature has scarcely been supplied. But the record is not mean; the soul is not made of cotton.

It has been said that the history of Manchester authorship began with the establishment of the Literary and Philosophical Society in 1781, but the earliest known big name is John Byrom's. Byrom, who was a prominent figure in eighteenth century Manchester, must have been a lively and vigorous fellow. His sister tells how when he was down from Cambridge he would do go the Irwell's banks and "bawl out Tully's orations in Latin so loud they can hear him a mile off, so that all the neighbourhood think him mad." He was accounted a poet in his time, but probably is now best known as a writer of epigrams.

On the Pretender he wrote:

"God bless the King! God bless the Faith's Defender!
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender!
But who Pretender is, and who is King,
God bless us all! that's quite another thing."

We owe "Christians, Awake" to Byrom, and choristers from the Manchester Old Church sung the hymn for the first time on Christmas Eve, 1750, at Kersal Cell—which was not a cell—where the poet lived and where the lines were supposedly written. Another notable "sweet singer" was Charles Swain, born in Ancoats in 1801, in which year Thomas De Quincey was sixteen and not far off the turning point of his life when he ran away from Manchester Grammar School.

There is no half-measure about Manchester's literary associations when it comes to the celebrated eater of opium. He was born in the city and as a lad lived at Greenheys, therefore in a district which also has Mrs. Gaskell's Plymouth Grove. Before going to the great school which Bishop Hugh Oldham founded he was at the grammar schools of Bath and Wakefield. He has left some record of the Manchester school in the "Confessions."

Nothing like De Quincey's literary style or his intense individuality was possessed by William Harrison Ainsworth, who was born in King Street in 1805. At sixteen Ainsworth was articled to a Manchester solicitor, but the work had no appeal to him, and every moment he had spare or could steal found him absorbed in histories and romances at the libraries, often at Chetham's. It would be peaceful enough in that old place when he was taking in his material, but there was little that was peaceful about Ainsworth's novels. After enjoying a great vogue he became the centre of a storm of denunciation, for the youth of the day aspired to emulate his Dick Turpins or Jack Sheppards, so vividly attractive were his descriptions of people pernicious as well as pleasant.

Then Mrs. Gaskell, the Unitarian minister's wife, who was a practitioner of letters, a social worker, and a reformer at the same time. She was born in Chelsea, but was taken when a baby to the Cheshire village of Knutsford ("Cranford"), and lived actually in Manchester for her last thirty-three years. Mrs. Gaskell brought a pure gleam in industrial gloom—and also brought Charlotte Brontë to Manchester, where during one of her visits to Plymouth Grove, she began "Jane Eyre."

"Mary Barton" was no more important a contribution to literature than Mrs. Linnæus Banks's "The Manchester Man" (which was very acceptably reissued last year), a fine tale of provincial England in the early nineteenth century, and a vivid and pretty reliable picture of Manchester people and places. Mrs. Banks was born in the city in 1821.

And two more women. Whether we like Little Lords or not, we should remember that Frances Hodgson Burnett, of Fauntleroy fame, was Manchester-born; and though Jessie Fothergill, born in Cheetham, spent only her very early life in Manchester, the Lancashire cotton famine of 1863 was the background of her "Probation." Manchester's University, as Owens College, had some distinguished students, Gissing among them. Gissing obtained an exhibition there in 1872. He came as a brilliant scholar from Wakefield, but his genius did not prevent him from having a very intimate acquaintance with poverty soon after he left Owens. Francis Thompson was an Owens student too, and used not only to spend many hours with the poets at the Manchester libraries but was, like cricket's greatest writer to-day, Neville Cardus, a loving and expert

*In Chetham's Library.*

watcher of cricket at Old Trafford. Like De Quincey, Thompson was a runaway and a partaker of opium.

Dickens received a certain "education" in Manchester—in industrial conditions. He visited the city a number of times; it was this district that gave him his Cheeryble Brothers, in the Brothers Grant of Ramsbottom, and other inspirations and material for his books.

Dialect writers have been unusually prolific in Manchester, and though their work is by its nature limited in appeal you can get very near to the heart of the average men and women of Cottonopolis in it. Edwin Waugh, human and humorous, is at the head of this band, which includes Ben Brierley, Samuel Laycock and John Collier ("Tim Bobbin"). The verse makers of the city used to have a famous rendezvous in Poets' Corner, in the richly historic old area of Millgate, where at the Sun Inn, now demolished, a literary coterie of forty or so were headed by John Critchley Prince, who was born in the year 1808. The poets were in their glory here, for mine host himself was something of a scholar.

Manchester in general was rich in bookmen last century, particularly at the end of it; of literary scholars the names of Axon, Crossley, Ireland, Grindon, Mortimer, Sutton and Credland leap to the mind. And there was a Gilbert White in George Milner. Writers of the great Horniman era at the Gaiety Theatre command notice too, for Stanley Houghton, for instance, was undoubtedly the city's first dramatist of note. The public rightly loved his work once his "Dear Departed" had introduced him. Then the Houghton tradition almost became the Brighton tradition. The work of C. E. Montague, and that of Allan Monkhouse, could I think do with more devotion to-day; but (to take four people who write of different things in very different manners) James Agate, Louis Golding, T. A. Coward and J. Cuming Walters cannot complain of lack of appreciation in the city which claims them.

I said earlier in this article that Manchester's culture seems to suffer from Manchester's commerce. The appearance is partly deceptive, as the Rylands Library, to

take a notable instance, has been made possible by the wealth of industry. This is a learned scholars' library if ever there was one, and though you may quite possibly walk straight along Deansgate and past the building without noticing it, Rylands has perhaps the most wide-flung fame of anything in Manchester. It has the Althorp collection; its manuscripts are many of them beyond price.

But a more ancient and, in its way, as noble a book sanctuary is Chetham's Library, near the old and now forlorn Grammar School by Victoria Station. Humphrey Chetham, merchant, founded the Library and Hospital in 1653, and so gave to Manchester the distinction of having the first free public library in Europe. Chetham's has a valuable collection of fine old books, and the building in which they are set is an inspiration. Chetham, when he died, was set upon founding a sound school for certain boys who deserved helping to an education. And a good school the hospital is to-day, its boys, clothed in a style of many years ago, giving a picturesque touch to the city when they are abroad.

Chetham's and Rylands are, as a matter of fact, unknown to thousands of Mancunians who pass the places every day, and it can be said that citizens do not make the very fullest use of Corporation libraries, yet it is no untruth to say that Manchester is a great northern centre of book borrowing and book buying, and the intelligence of its reading public is no insult to its literary history. While the political stature of its men has decreased since this century began, the vigour for learning and its cause has increased. There is more than artistry and aspiration in the giant temple of books which will be opened in 1934; it stands as a symbol of literary awareness in the North; and the sense of values behind it may well elbow all parochialism and provincialism from the city's spirit.

*Rylands Library, Manchester.*

The Bookman Gallery

T. F. POWYS

By Cecil G. Hutchinson

The recent publication of what will in all probability be Mr. Powys's last two books* affords an opportunity for some remarks on the position of an author of rare genius, unduly neglected, whose novels began to appear so long ago as 1923. He has now produced fourteen novels, three collections of short stories and some half-dozen short stories published separately, in addition to



books of what we may roughly describe as "interpretation";† but there has been no general acceptance of his works and, so far as I am aware, only one attempt at a critical estimate of it—a pamphlet published semi-privately at Cambridge. Reviews—if we except the penetrating occasional notes of Dr. F. R. Leavis (a distinguished critic of modern poetry)—have oscillated between salacious praise and the kind of muddle-headed disapproval which we have come to expect with the lack of critical awareness which is found so profitable to-day.

What is the reason for such short-sighted contempt, or worse—neglect? In the most recent critical work of value on the novel (especially the modern novel), "Fiction and the Reading Public," Mrs. Leavis has very properly put T. F. Powys with but four other names in the front rank of modern novelists,‡ and Lionel Johnson's book on the art of Thomas Hardy appeared as soon as some fifteen of the Wessex novels had been published. There is certainly an already perceptible appreciation of his work, which it is

to be hoped indicates sure survival for his genius, but it is made up of a few scattered, if not still small voices like that of Mrs. Leavis, and the prophet who is without honour in his own country is, as we might expect, even less regarded in America. Part of this essay is drawn from materials which have been collected for a critical estimate of the art of T. F. Powys, in some detail, and the audience in view is one seriously interested in literature, but not, for one reason or another, in Mr. Powys.

It is patent that a just appreciation has been retarded in the first place by the difficulties which crop up inexorably, even for sensitive minds, in the attempt to read new (or even older) poetry for the first time. I use the word *poetry* advisedly. Mr. T. S. Eliot, in an essay on "Prose and Verse," is rightly suspicious of that species of writing known commonly as "prose poetry," and would demand to be satisfied "what, if any, solid and genuine bit of life" any particular specimens had "pounced upon and raised to the dignity of poetry," before he would consider their claims to that rank. I am convinced that the best of T. F. Powys's work will stand such a test at the hands of sensitive and competent critics—indeed citations from two such are to hand. Of his earlier novels one admirer says: "Mr. Powys was attempting the work of poetry while forgoing (inevitably) the concentration possible in poetry"; another, referring to one of the "Fables": "Work such as this . . . may as properly be called poetry as prose." In statements of this kind the whole *raison d'être* of critical attention to works of art is implied. In order to recognise and evaluate their significance we must be ready to make the kind of response proper to *art*, and not that which we are accustomed to making in the face of the direct experiences of life, or such "realistic" transcripts as the advertisements of American films lead us to expect. "Matthew Arnold," says Dr. Richards, "when he said that poetry is a criticism of life, was saying something so obvious that it is constantly overlooked. The artist is concerned with the record and perpetuation of the experiences which seem to him most worth having."*

The *record* however is not so direct as this quotation, divorced from its context, and the ordinary meaning of the word might lead the unsophisticated to imagine; the artist is rarely, if ever, properly a photographer. Many novels (and even "poems") depend for their circulation upon adventitious elements (loosely described as "realistic"). It is for such forms, rather than for forms less popular, that pernicious criteria are so apt to be set up. In reading the novels and stories of T. F. Powys we must be prepared to exercise what Coleridge ambiguously called "a willing suspension of disbelief." His characters and their actions are completely subservient to the purposes of that *rhythm*—in the wide sense which makes rhythm characteristic of the best in prose as in verse—and that sustained emotional expectancy, which are the virtue of artistic experience, and the result of the artist's skill in maintaining the equilibrium and harmony of those impulses which he sets free in our minds. The work of Mr. Powys is an ordered progression towards this ideal, and it is probably little exaggeration to say that in "Mr. Weston's Good Wine" he has achieved a miracle in the mastery of his own idiom. The apparent simplicity concealing a profoundly allusive and symbolic complexity, the sense of inevitability which prevails over the reader's initial surprises (indicating Mr. Powys's extraordinary skill, at his best, in communicating pattern), the feeling that no longer is the least compromise evident between the interest in life and the interest in art, the magnificent (and purely artistic) use of Christian story—all these make this novel unique in

* "Unclay" (1931) and "The Two Thieves" (1932). (Chatto & Windus.)

† See "An Interpretation of Genesis" (1929) and "Soliloquies of a Hermit" (1926). (Chatto & Windus.)

‡ Chatto & Windus (1932). The other authors are Joyce, Lawrence, Forster and V. Woolf.

* See "Principles of Literary Criticism" and "Science and Poetry." (Kegan Paul.)

contemporary fiction, and give it a place apart even from the other books of its author.

The fact that we cannot render this unqualified homage to the works which preceded "Mr. Weston" throws its almost preternatural mastery into an even higher relief. There are signal successes among these earlier books, but Mr. Powys's genius had literally to ripen during their production, and from the privileged position we hold after several readings—as sensitive as we can contrive—of "Mr. Weston's Good Wine," we may look back at clear stages of his control over the technique he has evolved. That technique is personal and inimitable, and contemporary efforts "in his manner" are not lacking to illustrate for us, if illustration were necessary, the difference between creative genius and a certain facility at pastiche.

In the early work it is only too clear that there is a price to pay for a rigid concern with form and pattern, when the materials are such as Mr. Powys has chosen, and for this very reason any reader new to his work should begin with his masterpiece (and "make something of it") before attempting to take pleasure in reviewing what, from our present standpoint, we cannot but consider as valuable sketch-books. Dr. Leavis has pointed out that "with 'Innocent Birds' (1926)"—the last book before "Mr. Weston's Good Wine"—"we thought we knew Mr. Powys's limits. He had perfected his idiom and his use of symbolism, and we looked forward simply to variations on the same pattern. Mr. Powys then was a minor master." We could not, that is to say, have foreseen the possibility of a success so audacious as to place the book at a bound among the great works of our generation.

I would suggest therefore that after "Mr. Weston" it is best to read Mr. Powys's books in the reverse order of composition. Few readers are likely to assimilate the importance of his first novel, "Mr. Tasker's Gods," without that preparation, for its violent episodes, wounds in which the knife is lost, and a peculiar "flatness" in the characters, are the results of a simplification so drastic as positively to hurt us, and even render difficult further interest in Mr. Powys's art. This disability will affect us less and less should we find it possible to read the books in their chronological order (as we approach "Mr. Weston's Good Wine"), but the risk is great that we may not recover from initial shock. (It is fatally easy of course to cultivate the comfortably thick skin of the professional reviewer; we need no further evidence of this than the "critical" remarks of certain libidinous and often sadistic admirers of T. F. Powys, quoted in advertisements of his books in this country, and more particularly in America.) In planning * these earlier campaigns, so to speak, Mr. Powys has had difficulty with certain details, and although the best of readers will differ as to which of them are unconvincing, they must agree that many are so, and that the compromise involved in the resolute use to which the "frame effect" is put, is at times sufficiently in evidence to make our appraisals waver. The board is set, regardless of many considerations which we may find it hard to accept as of secondary importance; we are too well accustomed perhaps to the manner of certain great novels. There is a real difficulty here, for if we do achieve a suitably receptive state of mind, it is always possible that our sensibilities may be injured by encountering one of the earlier (and "cruder") novels, in isolation. No doubt certain wild critical gestures—signifying nothing about T. F. Powys's work, but much about the critics who make them so unblushingly—are due in the first instance simply to a wrong approach; the unqualified imputation of (a didactic) "anti-clericalism" and the "senile lasciviousness" of one (I should imagine young) reviewer are cases in point.

On the other hand even appreciative criticism may stumble, disappointingly enough, into common pitfalls. With reference to a "realism" which he is right to insist can in no sense be regarded as essential in T. F. Powys's

* This word may convey a wrong impression. Mr. Powys was obviously *compelled* to write as he did by a lacerated sensibility, and the work suffers a corresponding concentration. The "criticism of life" is too immediate.

work, Mr. W. Hunter quotes the following from Virginia Woolf's "The Common Reader": "Though his world resembles, it is not in fact our daily world; everything happens here more quickly and more intensely and in *better* order than in our daily world."*

I am at a loss to attach any precise meaning to what seems to me the key-word here (*italics mine*). Mrs. Woolf speaks aptly about the kind of selection exercised by Chaucer in the creation of his characters. We while away an hour of amusement and even profit in their company precisely because theirs is not "our daily world"; it is sufficiently close to it, however, to make both possible. We may associate such art with "escape"—there is a good deal of work of the kind in more modern and more harassed days—but I can trace no parallel with work informed by so serious, sensitive and essentially *modern* a response to life as that of T. F. Powys. Escape is at best but a negative "response"; † what then is the meaning of "better" in Mr. Hunter's connotation? Either, I take it, the moral relations of Mr. Powys's world are superior to those of ours, or the world he depicts is for some reason "happier" (or more amusing!) than this. I do not think Mr. Hunter would make either claim, for we should need to qualify very precisely its application even to "Mr. Weston's Good Wine," the book he probably had in mind when making the assertion. It is not as easy as some critics assume to apply apt criticism of the literature of one age to that of another; the qualifications too often modify the thesis out of existence.

The qualities peculiar to T. F. Powys's art cannot, I think, be either conveniently or profitably assimilated to any formula of school or "influence." The most obvious and interesting comparison is that with Hardy (they are the last big figures of a well defined literary generation), though even here a study of the contrast they afford will be more fruitful than any superficial likeness provides. (There is little if any which is *not* superficial.) Mr. Powys is himself keenly aware of this. In a recent conversation he remarked to me that although Hardy wrote of Wessex from real experience, he was a townsman, and could not view his subject—in the last analysis—except through the eyes of a (country) town dweller. He added that he is himself essentially a villager, and feels awkward when merely visiting a town. This is no fanciful claim; Mr. Powys has lived during twenty-eight consecutive years of retirement in a remote Dorsetshire village, and his one literary excursion to the town (in "Hester Dominy") is conspicuously unsuccessful, because embarrassed. It is significant of the kind of difference between them that he could not achieve with the town the success of Hardy with the village; his whole technique is inextricably bound up with its material.

(To be concluded)

* "The Novels and Short Stories of T. F. Powys." (Minority Press: Cambridge.)

† Cf. Dr. I. A. Richards's evaluations of the work of T. S. Eliot, Walter de la Mare and W. B. Yeats.

Self-Admonition

Why do you thus so

Stiffly relinquish making the hand of Death
Apparent in the whiteness of the knuckles?
Give up this thing—you see that it is dead
And not more to be quickened at your life—
To what will keep sweeten or be of one kind with it.
Or will you give up yourself for one of the dead?

To boast of his acquaintanceship tempts Death.
Do not thus wildly gripe with hands and hook
The ambling eyes of crowds.

Your tiptoe brethren

Will study it in your eyes and starved high features
(That have passed under Death's blank of knowledge)
Of one who has survived, from sense to sense,
The long moment while the mask is taken.

KATHLEEN NOTT.

What Have They Done Since Proust?

THE FRENCH NOVEL OF TO-DAY

By

Charlotte Haldane

IV—Francis Carco

A bright young Scotsman called George Scott-Moncrieff has recently published a novel called "Cafe-Bar." It deals—as far as I know for the first time in English—with the sort of people whom Carco has made specially his own. But how differently!

These Soho mountebanks and criminals, seen through Scottish eyes rather patronisingly, interest but do not touch me. They are museum specimens. Because my young Scotsman seems to say: "You, in your comfortable suburb, may think these people very exciting and romantic; come along with me; I'll soon show you how sordid and how dull they are." And proceeds to demonstrate his specimens. The truth is of course that, like all other human beings, they are or can be both exciting and sordid, both dull and romantic.

The Frenchman does not moralise about the "underworld." His attitude is much simpler and more sincere. "I like these people. I know all about them. I repeat, I like them. If you do too, come along with me and meet them; if you don't, I'll go alone. I'm going in any case."

If you do go along with such a guide, you may or may not like what he will show you, but you cannot be bored or depressed, for the simple reason that your mentor is himself one of the most entertaining, sophisticated and genial people you will ever have the luck to meet.

To be quite frank, I am not convinced that Carco is an important writer. One could quite well discuss modern French literature without referring to him at all, whereas that would be impossible in the cases of MacOrlan, Giraudoux and Jules Romains. I do not claim for him, as I do for them, first rank among living European novelists, men who are keeping the novel on its precarious pedestal as an art-form. Nevertheless he is such a sympathetic writer, has such firm knowledge of his own subject, and is so very nearly first-rate that I had not the heart to exclude him from these sketches.

Carco has a great deal in common with René Clair—the René Clair of "Sous les Toits de Paris" rather than the creator of "Le Million." That is to say that just as René Clair has for the film—apart from his other contributions to that medium—created the "René Clair" type, so Carco has created for literature the Carco type. They are very similar, almost identical types. People whom, when you meet them in a bus or a tube or pass them in the street, you can place instantly because these two men have made you aware of their existence and of the fact that without them the human fabric would be poorer by several bright threads and amusing though simple patterns.

Carco presents his types fastidiously. His sentimentality is tempered by humour. Although he specialises in "underworld" tales and people, he is conscious of a wider world, and by this attitude enables the reader to free himself from embarrassment at participating, if only at second-hand, in scenes which are frequently vulgar and sordid as well as pathetic or amusing. Montmartre is not all Paris; the ladies of the pavement exist alongside "real" ladies; criminals are the exception (and therefore interesting) rather than the rule.

Carco's claim to be considered more than a very good story-teller, such as Paul Morand for example, rests in my opinion on two books, "L'Homme Traqué" and "Perversité." The first of these is the simple tale of a baker who has murdered an old woman for a ridiculous sum of money; the second is more complicated. The simplicity

of "L'Homme Traqué" might easily blind one to its excellent craftsmanship. We are not allowed to identify ourselves with the "hero" or rather the victim of the story. We are kept in our place because the author remains very firmly in his; thus and thus it happens; ours not to question why, ours but to watch him die. It is a sincere and extremely competent piece of work, and thoroughly deserves the great success it obtained.

With "Perversité" we are in deeper waters. The "victim" in this case is a wretched little clerk, brother of a lady of easy virtue. For economy's sake they share a flat; he insists, at first successfully, on knowing nothing of her "goings-on"—a Box and Cox arrangement. She however, true to type, soon takes to herself a man. For him existence would have been dull, had the fates not provided the wretched Emile especially for his diversion. The charming young man slowly but surely applies a system of torture as efficacious as the methods used in higher social classes by less heavy-handed gentlemen. Ultimately the worm turns.

"Perversité" is a splendid book. Carco is nearly always flawless within the limits he imposes on himself; part of his strength no doubt consists in knowing just how far his power will reach, and in adventuring no further.

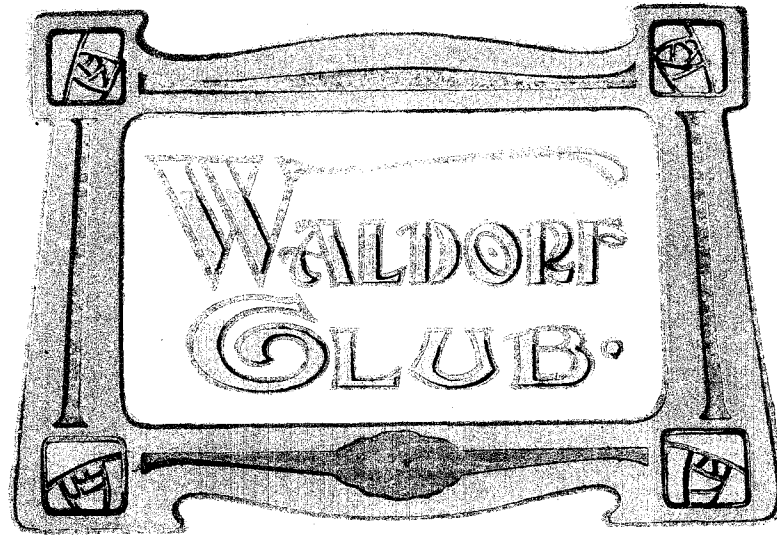
His reminiscences entitled "De Montmartre au Quartier Latin," will be indispensable as a work of reference to historians of the "bohemian" world—the literary and artistic world of Paris so abominably nicknamed. Maurice Utrillo is the hero of the first part; Modigliani of the second. Both these unhappy and great artists he knew intimately, and of both he gives full-length portraits. His sincerity, his simplicity and the gracefulness of his style can be judged by the final page of the book, which describes the funeral of Modigliani, who died too young of the hunger and tuberculosis and poverty he endured all his life. He only became a dealer's investment after his death.

In Modi there disappeared the last bohemian of a generation which had certainly not had an easy life. We all felt it. We all suffered a great sadness; and when next morning, still stunned by what had happened in the night, Zborowski and Kisling told us that Modigliani's mistress had thrown herself from a window of her parents' house, and that they refused to receive the body, we were overwhelmed by inexpressible emotion.

The hearse—supreme irony—was smothered with wreaths and bouquets of expensive flowers. Behind it followed an amazing crowd. There were many painters, women, writers, the whole of Montparnasse and the whole of Montmartre closely united in final homage to a friend now going and who, in the course of his hazardous and topsy-turvy existence, had had less of everything than anyone else. We reminded one another of anecdotes. We spoke of the work he had left behind him. Following the procession, I saw in its ranks the friends of poor unhappy Modi. They had got on since the old days. They had aged, fattened slightly. Some were famous, some soon would be: Picasso, Salmon, Max Jacob, Blaise Cendrars. . . . They were all there. They were not denying an iota of the past. On the contrary. For with Modi they were burying their youth. The policemen who along the route dryly clicked their heels and saluted, the same ones perhaps who had so often taken Modi to the cells, could certainly not have guessed that in our eyes their gesture signified a sort of late but public reparation.

It was Picasso who, as always, summed up the hideous meaning of the scene, for turning to me, and pointing to the hearse where Modigliani slept beneath the flowers, then to the policemen stiffly at attention, he said to me softly:

"You see . . . he is avenged!"



THE LEADING BRITISH WRITING PAPER

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surface in the vacant
space left here and
then kindly*

*turn
over*

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The Bookshelf

THE THIRD JOHN MURRAY

At John Murray's, 1843-1892.

By George Paston. 15s. (John Murray.)

John Murray III has one quite indisputable claim on the gratitude of the reading public: he not only sponsored but himself actively worked at the first really good series of guide-books ever produced. The time came when Baedeker attained to great merit, but for long his work tended to be paraphrase of Murray, with amusing results in mistranslation, as when Murray's statement that the rocks in one of the Swiss valleys were full of red garnets became in Baedeker a wild assertion that the rocks were "overgrown with red pomegranates." Apart from the guide-books, to which he personally devoted such minute attention, and which in some sort bear the stamp of his personality, it cannot be said that John Murray III did anything particularly noteworthy by those who study the relations between publishing and literature.

There were times when he dallied with the idea of works of pure scholarship, and his negotiations with Dr. Furnivall and the Philological Society might have enabled him in considerable part to anticipate the Oxford English Dictionary; but presently he was found stipulating that all obsolete words should be omitted, and that the dictionary should be designed to serve the needs of the plain man. Inevitably he had many contacts with genuine men of letters, but we find him turning away Kinglake's "Crimea" because he did not think it worth the profit-sharing terms he gave his best authors, and we find him bothering George Borrow to make "Lavengro" other than it is. He had also an obsession that Borrow should up and write about Russia. Here he had reckoned however without the might and majesty of the epistolary style used by Mrs. Borrow to annihilate any mosquitoes that buzzed about her husband's head:

"It is now necessary to state, in a friendly but firm manner, that if any attempt is made to blow upon the book by Mr. Borrow's 'good friends and well-wishers,' he will be compelled to lay before the world a statement of facts connected with it and a former publication. . . . Say no more on that Russian subject. Mr. Borrow has had quite enough of the Press. If he wrote a book on Russia, it would be said to be like the 'Bible in Spain,' or unlike the 'Bible in Spain,' and would be blamed in either case. He has written a book in connection with England such as no other body could have written, and now he rests from his labours."

The truth is that the real business of John Murray III lay elsewhere, in catering with solid beneficial books of no sort of true literary value for the enormous, serious, far from uneducated but decidedly Philistine public. This public he fed more copiously and judiciously and profitably than any other publisher of his time.

He had a profound admiration for "Mrs. Markham's History," from which the firm derived a comfortable £700 a year, decade after decade: its author, Mrs. Penrose, died in 1837 but her work was in good demand for fifty years more. So he pleaded repeatedly with his authors, with Arthur Stanley among others, to transform themselves, as George Paston pleasantly puts it, into Greek and Roman Mrs. Markhams, and to turn out histories on her model, so lucid, so accurate, so free from all unpleasantness. He was not quite so happy about "Little Arthur's History," the work of Lady Callcott, for he received protests suggesting that into the milk and water of that work had been introduced some Radical venom, and indeed good Professor Conybeare, Principal of the Liverpool Collegiate Institution, wrote to him to point out that numerous passages had a party character. "I have introduced it very extensively into the schools under my superintendence here, but have been obliged to cause certain pages in it to be effaced, which adds to the expense of the book, and likewise injures its appearance." But as "Little Arthur" continued to sell by tens of thousands, John Murray III was no doubt soon consoled.

His more stately publications, though carefully calculated to the taste of the upper middle class, were not

By T. Earle Welby

always as successful commercially as might have been expected: Brewster's "Life of Newton" and Milman's "History of the Jews" inspired in his special public respect rather than the desire to purchase. But he had an enormous triumph with Livingstone and with Stanley, and there was always Smiles with his "Self-Help"; more seriously there was Darwin. Where John Murray III could not break the decree of Fate for his firm was that it should succeed with no periodical except the *Quarterly*.

He and Dr. Appleton planned the *Academy* with immense care, and indeed it justified hopes for a little while with its circulation of twenty thousand and its twenty pages of advertisements, but the obstinacy of Dr. Appleton very soon reduced the circulation to six thousand and the advertisements to four pages. In the matter of the *Quarterly*, all was happily otherwise.

John Murray III may have seemed to some of his associates fantastic in resolutely pressing the editorship on Elwin, but that obscure country parson, operating from a remote Norfolk village in the days of very bad communications, without sub-editor or secretary and without access to any considerable library, conducted the *Quarterly* for seven years in a manner to justify all John Murray III's expectations.

John Murray III was in fact a very shrewd judge of literary capacity within the limit of his interests. The trouble is that when we would applaud John Murray III for discerning all the qualities in Elwin, we are pulled up by the reminder that he presently appointed to the editorship of the *Quarterly* Dr. (eventually Sir William) Smith, and must be supposed to have gone by the not very numerous qualities they had in common. This book by George Paston is excellently illustrated, and we may well amuse ourselves in looking first at the portrait of Elwin, whose face is so full of intellect and humour, and then at the great mid-Victorian blob which represents Smith.

John Murray III served his generation well enough, but can hardly be held to have served posterity except in so far that he kept prosperous, and therefore left equipped for services to literature, the eminent firm of publishers to the control of which he was born. His life has been written temperately by George Paston, and the biographer's moderation in eulogy only makes clearer the business competence and personal amiability of the man.

LITERARY FRIENDSHIPS IN THE AGE OF WORDSWORTH.

Selected and edited by R. C. Bald. 7s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

This anthology is intended as a companion to the study of the Romantic Revival, and the compiler's aim has been to provide a background wider than "the usual bare statements of biographical facts concerning each author." To provide a background by means of an anthology is to ask the reader to complete a picture from many very slightly connected details. For example just as we have become interested in the relationship between Byron and Leigh Hunt at Pisa, we are switched on to a letter from Lamb to Coleridge. The principle followed is to present what the more important authors said of one another. The longest extracts are from Hazlitt and De Quincey, and from Leigh Hunt's autobiography; the most illuminating from the letters of Byron and Shelley, particularly those dealing with Keats's standing as a poet. There is the delightful account from Haydon's autobiography of a dinner given to enable Keats to meet Wordsworth. The selections are taken from a period of over fifty years, but mostly from the two vital "spots of time," 1797 to 1805, when Coleridge and Wordsworth wrote their important work, and from 1818 to 1823, when Lamb, Hazlitt and De Quincey in prose, and Byron, Shelley and Keats in poetry reached their highest creative pitch.

COME AND LAUGH AT MOTHER!

A Study in Misplaced Pity

By
Collin Brooks

Our Mothers.

By Alan Bott and Irene Clephane. A Cavalcade in Pictures, Quotations and Descriptions of late Victorian Woman (1870-1900). 8s. 6d. (Gollancz.)

The mind must be shallow indeed in which mere unfamiliarity breeds contempt. The costermongers' instinctive desire to heave a ripe tomato at some gesticulating Frenchman; the age-old derision of British soldiers in red coats and blue trousers for foreign soldiers in blue coats and red trousers; the tendency of a clean-shaven generation to address as "Beaver" some remnant of a generation which thought a beardless face the hall-mark of priest, actor, butler or boy—these are the common examples of a natural tendency to scoff at what is not the scoffer's own mode. In adolescence there is no surer cue to laughter than outmoded fashion. Oxford bags naturally find farcical peg-top trousers. Hobble-skirts legitimately giggle at crinolines. The knee-flashing, boy-like girl of the nineteen-twenties smiles, where she does not shudder, at the bustles of the eighteen-nineties. It is to such adolescent emotion that "Our Mothers" will superficially appeal by its wealth of illustration. But it is to sober and thoughtful middle life that the running text will give the greater satisfaction. Cecil Rhodes rebuked for not donning the conventional garb of a Parliamentarian once replied, "I can legislate just as well in Oxford tweeds as in undertaker's black." It would seem that Victorian woman could make love and—in her own way—"make whoopee" just as well, and perhaps a little more subtly, in whalebone and a multiplicity of petticoats as her daughter and granddaughter in a minimum of clothing and a maximum of make-up.

"Our Mothers" is rather a narrow title for a survey of womanhood over the years 1870-1900. Some of these admirable ladies are surely our grandmothers. Some are surely our sweethearts and wives. Anyone who is lucky enough to possess a mother who was a young woman in the seventies cannot have forgotten how attractive and provocative was the garb of the nineties, when Dodo and Dolly set the pace for peccadillo and dialogue. Those whose mothers did not reach nubility until 1900 cannot fail to remember fashions, as grotesque as these, which swept the land in the days of picture hats and hobbles about 1910; and such sons and daughters are indeed unobservant if they fail to recognise in the fashion plates of 1932 replicas in mode of 1900.

On the whole our mothers, by this evidence, seem to have been little different from our daughters. The topics of table talk were more restricted and forms of conduct were more sedate, but a penetrating eye discerns that this really meant nothing more than a greater technique of the "thrill" in the older generation. To-day the apple of Eden stands on the epergne in the centre of the table; then it was stolen fruit in the conservatory.

Women have been emancipated—true. The higher education is open to them; they can practise the professions; they indulge in sport like gladiators and not like muffled children. They can openly work for their own livings. But even by the testimony of this half-satirical review of an earlier generation an unemancipated woman was not illiterate and was known to earn her own bread. The languishing beauties on the tow path and at the touch line we have always with us. There were explorers and danger-eaters before Amy Johnson; there were athletes before Suzanne. Fiction here is a better guide than the contemporary illustrated journals. Meredithians will recall the admirable Brownie; and Merthyr Powis's Georgie was as masculine in her attachment to the Risorgimento as any of our own generation to fascism or bolshevism.

Lady Dorothy Neville and Lady Cardigan were as startling as any of our own bright young things. Mrs. Edith Thompson was not the first wife to invite the gallows.

The maniacs of Mafeking night were only a little less restrained than the revellers of Armistice Day. The fashion for slumming was perhaps preferable to the fashion for slimming, and the vogue of the virtuous was certainly pleasanter than our recent vogue of viciousness.

If anyone turns these interesting pages and reads the illuminating sections describing the various phases of late Victorian life hoping to emerge from the indulgence with an increased sense of the superiority of our own times, he—or she—will have need of great faith, for the evidence sways either way. It will not even do to triumph over the sentimentality of the earlier generation, for the most bathetic of set-pieces of sisters in adversity and the like may fail to touch the truly pathetic; but at least they avoid the cinema slickness which one may call the Pathé-gazette.

Even the worst grotesqueries of fashion, one is compelled to remember, were not wholly the fruits of faulty taste. They had what the philosopher calls a basis of sufficient reason. After all, the skimpy skirts of our day are made possible by modern heating in the home and by well-constructed public vehicles, adequately warmed and relatively draught-proof. The freedom with which the girl of this period moves unchaperoned and without escort depends not upon her own brave spirit and sturdy common sense, but upon streets well lighted, properly policed, and inhabited by males educated into a reasonable communal morality by the educational system which was devised, with the aid of our mothers, in 1870.

And as for the children—the poor little beggars seem to have had a singularly thin time with their Victorian parents, but the old regimen gains a new attractiveness when one remembers that at this moment "Children in Uniform" is drawing the town, and when one recalls Kenneth Grahame and R. L. S., and realises afresh how subjective is the mental vision which a child has of its home.

VARIED NONSENSE

Ladies and Gentlemen.

By H. Belloc. 5s. (Duckworth.)

Hard Lines.

By Ogden Nash. 5s. (Duckworth.)

1933 and Still Going Wrong.

By J. B. Morton. 6s. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

A B C of the Theatre.

By Humbert Wolfe. 5s. (Cresset Press.)

Mr. Belloc's annual is sub-titled "For Adults Only, and Mature at That"—a jest that contains the truth, for Mr. Belloc's wit is at least adult and not the adolescent facetiousness that so often passes for it in books of this type. All Belloc fans will find "Ladies and Gentlemen" no disappointment, and will enjoy making the acquaintance at least of the "Statesman" and the "Author," and possibly will profit by the "Example."

The highest compliment one can pay to Mr. Morton's book is that in many places his satire might be described as Bellocian. In his first poem, "The Conquering Hero," we are actually shown figures of certain great men, and here Mr. Bentley's drawings are at their best—the perfect combination of artist and satirist, to give the portrait of

"Reckless Cecil known as Mad Cap Bob;
Hand light on sword, the idol of the mob."

With O. Soglow to illustrate "Hard Lines," the reader is in the realm of American humour and the "New Yorker." This is a taste to be acquired, and merely to mention Soglow's illustrations is to give sufficient clue to the prospective buyer. Mr. Humbert Wolfe's "A B C of the Theatre" is more difficult to classify; some of the couplets are in such appallingly bad taste (the "J" for instance) that I find it difficult to be fair to the book, but I emphatically recommend it to every admirer of Mr. Humbert Wolfe's poetry.

E. P.

CONSERVATIVE AND COMMUNIST

Two Young Men who Point us Different Ways

By
Hamilton Fyfe

Whither England? or The Letters of a Young Conservative.

By Hugh Sellon. 7s. 6d. (Peter Davies.)

The Coming Struggle for Power.

By John Strachey. 9s. (Gollancz.)

Was it not General Booth who complained that, until he got the Salvation Army going, "the devil had all the good times"? With equal justice a Conservative might deplore the fact that the parties of the Left have all the good writers. Think of them—Shaw, Wells, Tawney, Cole, the Webbs, to name a few only, and against them the Right can put up only such as Mr. Hugh Sellon. Reading his book after Mr. Strachey's is like drinking boiled rain water after a good burgundy. The burgundy might disagree with you—it certainly would with me; and Mr. Strachey's book is going to disagree with a great many people. But the flavour of it, the warming fire, the invigorating afterglow!

Mr. Strachey puts force behind his writing; he has vigour; he has wit. Not the most enthusiastic approval of Mr. Sellon's sentiments could make even a Die-hard declare him anything but dull. He is dull because he is pompous, and he is pompous because he confines himself almost entirely to platitudes. His conservatism is what we all know already. He recites his creed without conviction, without appearing to be even interested in it. The only pages in which he comes to life are those, towards the end, in which he attacks English cooking, demands a decimal system in place of "the present preposterous English weights and measures," urges that divorce should be obtainable by mutual consent, and pleads for "the sale of alcoholic drinks without any restrictions whatever." These are the chief constructive suggestions of this "young Conservative"—unless we add reduction of work hours, co-operation among private producers under State supervision and abolition, along with the liberty to strike, of the liberty to lock-out. What will the old Conservatives say to that, I wonder.

Mr. Sellon's thinking, except on some of the small points just mentioned, belongs to the past, as much as his taste in poetry, betrayed by quotations from Kipling. He proclaims himself a Christian, yet considers that "the acquisitive instinct is inborn in every man." He does not know (p. 71) that the principles of socialism and communism are identical, the difference between the two lying merely in a disagreement as to how those principles should be put into practice. His complete failure to grasp what now is generally accepted by competent historians—the economic interpretation of history—is illustrated by his naïve remark that the War was "the result of Slav intrigues in a remote corner of Europe."

Mr. Strachey goes a little too far in his insistence upon that interpretation, farther indeed than its author, Karl Marx, himself. He starts with a chapter showing how capitalism as we know it began with the struggle for the market (going over the same ground as Marx did in the final chapter of "Das Kapital"). But he is inclined to overlook the warning given by Engels, Marx's collaborator, against treating the economic factor as the sole element in history. That it is "in the last instance decisive" was all that Marx taught, according to his friend, though now and then he did seem to put the doctrine into cruder form. "In the last instance"—or, as we should say, in the final analysis—the development of English social, political, legal and all other institutions has been due mainly to a desire for liberty to manufacture and trade. But (to quote Engels again) "political, legal, philosophical theories and religious views all exert an influence on the development of the historical struggles and in many instances determine their form."

With Mr. Strachey's lively sketch of more recent events no fault need be found. It will be enjoyed and found instructive even by those who dispute his contention that capitalism must shortly fail to preserve peace and

to provide even the one-sided prosperity of the past, and that in communism lies our only hope. This he sets forth with a wide range of illustration, with dielectical skill, and with a fervid belief in his remedy which gives his style both colour and warmth. I have spoken of his wit. Let me give a few examples:

"Almost the first act of the National Government was to pass an Abnormal Importations Bill. And the Conservative rank and file were so delighted at being able to exclude foreign greengrocery from Britain that they never noticed Mr. Baldwin had quietly introduced into the Tory Party the largest 'abnormal importations' in history."

"Liebknecht called the Reichstag 'the fig-leaf of autocracy.' We might call the National planners (Sir Josiah Stamp, Sir Basil Blackett, Mr. Harold Macmillan, M.P., and the rest) the fig-leaf of monopoly."

"Western intellectuals are continually proving that communism would be unlikely to provide them with the economic advantages, the leisure, the physical and mental comforts which they enjoy to-day. They are quite right. But to deduce from this that their interest (even on the most rigidly personal grounds) is to prevent the coming of communism is as ill-advised as it would have been for a passenger on the sinking *Lusitania* to point out to a ship's officer, who offered him a place in a boat, that the deck-chair in which he was seated was much more comfortable."

"It may be some consolation to those great London banking houses of to-day which are desperately trying to collect loans from Eastern Europe to remember that their illustrious predecessor, Messrs. Fugger, also burned its fingers very badly in Germany in the matter of defaults on Papal indulgences."

Not however by its wit will "The Coming Struggle for Power" be judged. Some will see in it merely an effort to make their flesh creep. Some will hail it as a sign-post which points us to "the only way." But all should read it as a sign of the times. Here is a young man brought up in the thoroughly comfortable way, son of the editor of the *Spectator*, public school and university, M.P. at an early age. Why can't he "make the most of his advantages"? Why does he want our whole system to be changed? Why does he regard such a change as inevitable, whether he wants it or not? He will give you very plain answers to these queries if you read his book.

THE RED FLAG.

By F. Britten Austin. 8s. 6d. net. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

In this book Mr. Britten Austin surveys, chiefly in the form of romantic reconstruction, scenes in several of the great revolutionary events in the world's history; commencing by taking the reader to the Egypt of about 2220 B.C. In his comment on that particular event one seems to arrive at his general conclusion, not otherwise very evident elsewhere in the book, to the effect that revolutions must occur periodically, "in a necessarily imperfect human society, perhaps recurrently fixed too long on an archaic mould."

In the following chapter we find ourselves in China, and in the year A.D. 1069, and see the first known experiment in state socialism seem to flourish for a time tyrannically and then fail, because of its rigidly oppressive qualities. On paper this form of socialism was excellent; in practice its consequences were anomalous and severely irksome in ways its authors had not foreseen.

Then, to the Jacquerie and chronologically onward to the British Commonwealth and Cromwell's triumph.

The Paris Commune, the Russia of to-day; and then the China of to-day and of to-morrow. During which latter period, a body of strange horsemen (by their speech, citizens of the United States?) suddenly appear to a group of Chinese Red Guards, who seem to be in straits for ammunition. "Well, if you people in these parts ain't the funniest yet! You shrivelled old dormouse—don't you know? All over the world your red World-Republic has been smashed up these twenty years!"

With which optimistic peep into the future the book concludes.

GORDON ROSS.

MR. BENNETT SEES IT THROUGH

By
Francis Watson

More of the Journals

The Journals of Arnold Bennett. Vol. II: 1911-1921
Edited by Newman Flower. 10s. 6d. (Cassell.)

This second volume of Arnold Bennett's journals has its peculiar interest, for it covers the period of the War and the years immediately before and after it. But the reader who searches for the thinking man's reaction to wholesale bloodshed will be disappointed. No reader of course has any right to look to Arnold Bennett for emotional philosophy of the war book type. What Bennett does provide, and provide inimitably, is an intimate record of the life of an observant citizen over military age doing his bit at home. And since this citizen is also a famous writer and a personality, his record is packed with meetings with other personalities, with soldiers and politicians and authors who have their different anxieties and their quickly noticed eccentricities. The War from the home front is described with a quiet common sense that presents as vivid a picture as could be wished.

Throughout this period of committees and Intelligence work and important meetings too, the man who has succeeded in his determination to become a writer is by no means idle. He still notes down the number of words he has written on a given day, and does his annual sum of arithmetic, dividing financial returns by the number of words written in order to assess his growing market value per word. And he still takes an unfeigned delight in the accomplishment of a good piece of business. It is with triumph that he can write, at the beginning of 1917:

"Vedrenne wrote me giving way, and agreeing to pay £200 down on receipt of MS. of a play for Eadie, for option on it. He had said to Pinker: 'I never have paid and I never will pay to read a play.'"

It is characteristic of Bennett that he is equally faithful in recording the fact that he dined with H. G. Wells at the Reform, and tossed for the bill, Wells losing. Listen too to the way in which he can laugh at his own satisfaction with his literary profits. Referring to the first week's performances of "Sacred and Profane Love" in New York, he observes:

"My royalties on that week exceed £350. My faith in the theatre as a means of artistic expression was of course instantly re-established. It would be."

Of his books, "These Twain," "The Pretty Lady" and "Our Women" occupy most of his attention and are described as they were written. It was the time of Bennett's greatest play-writing activity, and his comments on the theatre generally are exceedingly illuminating. Interesting too is the war-time journalism, both by Bennett and by other members of the "Writers' Group." But the salt of the whole book is in its random observations of people and events. Always the writer is on the lookout for material, and always he is enjoying the search for its own sake. "It was absolute Five Towns," he says of a particularly middle-class remark which he overheard, and he gives a beautiful picture of a club servant who "is very careful lest he should give you anything to do, or too much to do. He doesn't say, 'If you'll ring, sir, I'll do so-and-so.' He says, 'If you'll *just touch* the bell, sir,' etc. etc." The most delicious remark of all (there are many good stories) is reserved for Lord Beaverbrook's pyjamas. We are entranced to learn that they are "second-rate." While for sincere, passionless description the passage relating to the death of his mother is difficult to parallel.

Comparisons with Pepys, Cellini and Casanova have already been made in reference to the first volume of the "Journals." It is Pepys who is most frequently recalled in the present collection. "This was one of the finest evenings I spent in my life" is a typical comment, and it is no exaggeration to compare throughout the attitude of Bennett with that of the more famous diarist. Both records have an engaging vanity, and from each emerges unconsciously the portrait of an admirable gentleman.

For the ordinary reader interested in an honest day-to-day picture of the life of an important man at an important time, "The Journals of Arnold Bennett" are fascinating. For all who know the impulse and the difficulties of self-expression they are magnificently stimulating.

The book is illustrated with four of Bennett's war-time sketches in Flanders. The editing is admirable in its unobtrusive efficiency.

LIFE'S HANDICAP: SOME MEMOIRS

By Arthur Waugh

Memories of a Misspent Youth.

By Grant Richards. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)

Panorama.

By Charles Graves. 6s. net. (Nicholson & Watson.)

A publisher ought to know how to write his own autobiography, if only because he is continually called upon to witness how badly other people write theirs; and to decide by experience what it is that makes one autobiography (written perhaps by a person of no popular importance) sell in its thousands, while half a dozen others, decorated with names of great pith and moment, fall still-born from the press. However that may be, Mr. Grant Richards seems to have turned his special knowledge to good account, for this first instalment of his reminiscences, ending with his twenty-fourth year, is simply packed to the covers with personality and entertainment.

The secret of its success is implicit in every chapter; for Mr. Richards displays himself as a shrewd and adventurous spirit, who has seized every opportunity for adding to his own experience, and made the most of every chance in the handicap of life. He gives the impression of an eager experimentalist, intensely interested in the world around him, quick in sympathy and adroit in tackling a situation, never content to drift or vegetate, and perennially unabashed by the buffets of circumstance. Considering that

he was the son of an Oxford don, born into a world of opportunities, he had a rather rough boyhood. His father, absorbed in academical duties, did not care much for little boys; beat him with a whalebone until he tried to run away from home; sent him to a City school, where he learnt how to dodge punishment, and to sell his school books to schoolfellows to secure a camera with the proceeds; and finally apprenticed him, at the age of sixteen, into a wholesale bookseller's in Paternoster Row.

Here the future publisher of the "World's Classics" worked from early morning to late night on a wage of twenty pounds a year, out of which, by starving his rations and fighting for his seat in pit-crowds, he managed to foster his taste in literature and the drama; and, whenever he found himself in good company, he had a way of introducing himself to the people who counted. At the seaside he attracted public attention by helping to rescue a little girl in a storm-beaten boat; he watched the Forbes Robertsons and Madame Modjeska bathe; and he would not be rebuffed by the advice of anyone but the head of the firm himself, when he wanted to know what his prospects at Paternoster Row were likely to realise. When he learnt the worst, he set about to extend his income. He peppered the newspapers with paragraphs and suggestions, advertised in a Spanish journal, offering to teach English for a small wage and his keep, and was at last lucky enough to

make a friend of W. T. Stead, who was just starting the *Review of Reviews*.

He could hardly have got his foot upon a more helpful rung of the ladder of journalism. The office at Mowbray House was buzzing with life, with gossip, with business and with personalities. Mr. Richards worked there for seven years, and made the best of his chances in meeting literary "lights" and laying the foundations of a publisher's temperament. Between 1888 and 1897 he opened and looked at nearly every book that was published in England, and tested his own judgment by attempting to forecast their fortunes. When he had saved a few pounds he spent them on a week's holiday in Paris, whetting his appetite for travel and foreign association. He writes vividly of such experiences; but perhaps the most valuable of his reminiscences historically is the long portrait-gallery of the lesser figures of the nineties, stars that fell in the night and have now fallen from remembrance—poets, novelists, artists, actors, after-dinner speakers, gossips and the cause of gossip in others—here once more they all "peer through the thin crust of forgetfulness."

Mr. Charles Graves is a more objective artist, but his art is confident and firm. He might be termed the ideal travelling companion, whether "by road or river, countryside or town" (as the Victorian ballad-singer used to warble), and equally so whether in actuality upon the beaten way, or in fancy upon the wings of remembrance. He seems to have learnt every secret of topography and yet to retain the fresh, engaging gift of communicating

his knowledge without the slightest suspicion of pedantry. Wherever he goes he sees the essential features; and he hands on his impression of them, tinged with the interpreting colour of individuality.

He can recreate an Edinburgh of "church spires and dog-racing, kilts and pretty girls, plus-fours and Grecian columns, green lawns and red wallflowers, closes and wynds, cobbled streets and staircases, castles and three-penny bits"; and while your mind's eye is dazzled with this motley panorama, he can clinch the final impression with the remark that the place's greatest charm of all is "the total absence of beggars and litter throughout the proud, beautiful, courteous and historic city." There, in a single paragraph, is a full panorama in a little room.

Again he can lead you through the midnight slums of London, and rake out their flotsam and jetsam, cast up under the shadow of the glaring Ritz, telling you as you go how the Rescue Society gets to work, or the hostel of mercy fights for life in a world whose charities grow narrower every year. He knows the inside of the Barnardo homes, the managers of Epsom racecourse, the editors of Fleet Street, the opulent authors of humorous novels and the impoverished speculators on the Rubber Exchange. He can recount to a nicety the incomes of prizefighters, the routine of the B.B.C., the recreations of colliers and the musty ritual of the College of Arms. All the jugglery of half the world is stored and tabulated in his mental notebook; but, if it comes to that, any industrious toiler could collect facts with emotion and retail them in tranquillity.

LEWIS EXPOUNDED

Wyndham Lewis : A Discursive Exposition.

By H. G. Porteus. 8s. 6d. (Harmsworth.)

Mr. Wyndham Lewis has a very versatile and ingenious mind. Prophet, critic, painter, psychologist, anthropologist, satirist, traveller and poet—he has been all these. There is little which he is not brave enough to attempt, and he deserves our admiration and gratitude. Vigour and courage are not so common that we can afford to neglect them when they appear.

But Mr. Lewis has been neglected in England for three reasons. His work is necessarily unacademic and, as it were, uncertificated. Its complexity and his mode of presentation demand efforts which the common reader is not prepared to make. And his pamphleteering "enemy" pose, mistaken for personal arrogance, irritates many people who have long been accustomed to a convention of literary courtesy. He wages civil war in what Matthew Arnold called the republic of letters.

He needs therefore, more than other contemporary writers, an expositor and an apologist. We should welcome a book which explained, without digression or expansion, his theories and his aims, which traced the course and showed the direction of his thought. Mr. Porteus has attempted this. But the method of his book is so like Mr. Lewis's own, that we are little less confused than if Mr. Lewis had himself written an exposition of himself. Perhaps Mr. Lewis is, like Bergson's intensive manifolds, incomprehensible by the intellect. His own method of apprehension is intuitive, and it is likely that we must rely on intuition to apprehend him—another occasion for regret that we are so incapacitated by our habit of ratiocination.

It is possible however to isolate from their context many passages where Mr. Porteus has made statements capable of extension and analysis. It is for these that the book is valuable, although he himself is inclined to crystallise or dissipate them in a deliberate metaphor. This habit is traceable to Mr. Lewis, whose "painter's eye" often sees things the better for seeing them as developed. It is dangerous for those without an equally developed visual faculty to imitate him here. That is why I cannot share Mr. Porteus's sanguine hopes of Mr. Lewis as an

By Wynyard Browne

influence. Even in "Tarr" and "The Childermass" this preoccupation with visual imagery seems to me to hinder as much as to help apprehension. A visual signification may precede the act of writing; but it is not primarily with that, but with the writing, that the writer should be concerned. Mr. Lewis's preoccupation with the visual is no less damaging and no more fruitful than Mr. Joyce's with connotation. But it is a good anti-toxin.

Then there is Mr. Lewis as "visionary" in the other, less definable sense—the magician-witchdoctor-prophet. There are two kinds of prophecy, one of which, in Mr. Lewis's own words, "comes of using a very little common sense." Its function is to predict an event or state of affairs in the future, by means of deduction and elimination of improbabilities. But the other is more difficult. It requires an abnormal or supernormal faculty. Mr. Porteus suggests that Mr. Lewis has this faculty. "His whole *œuvre*," he says, "is a crystal vision of a world that is gradually coming into being." And from there Mr. Porteus is led to a discussion of the "super-real" quality of art, and of Mr. Lewis's art in particular. Only the passage of years will prove or refute his particular case. But in these days of uninformed scepticism and learned bewilderment, he does considerable service who, without resorting to the spiritism of hysteria or clinging to a worn-out transcendentalism, soberly reminds the public of the possibility of the supernatural.

Finally there is Mr. Lewis as satirist, "the soldier of humour," who uses laughter as a weapon. This is his most useful function if we can separate his functions. His philosophy and his prophecy are ineffective compared with his satire, which he uses ruthlessly and skilfully against anything which seems to him to obstruct or pervert the proper growth of man.

In the course of his exposition Mr. Porteus touches on many subjects which would repay more careful treatment. No book about Lewis could fail to stimulate reflection and provoke argument—both considerable services. But Mr. Porteus makes claims for him so extravagant that, though they are as hard to refute as to justify—even discounting the distortion which Mr. Porteus thinks "loyal" and necessary—very few of his readers are likely to admit them.

IN THE BAD OLD DAYS

The History of the Bow Street Runners, 1729-1829.

By Gilbert Armitage. 12s. 6d. (Wishart.)

"London under the first four Georges," Mr. Armitage informs us in his excellent preface, "enjoyed a melancholy pre-eminence in crime probably unequalled by any town in earlier or subsequent history, with the doubtful exception of Chicago." Crime and robbery were rampant everywhere, footpads lurked in the unlighted streets, and highwaymen infested the roads; the smuggling trade was far too great to be successfully combated; children were initiated into criminal practices at the earliest possible age; and murder too was alarmingly prevalent, though this was chiefly owing to the general application of capital punishment at the time. Mr. Armitage points out how unworthy of hero-worship were the picturesque Dick Turpins and Claude Duvals of the time, and says he is attempting in this book "a more realistic impression of the eighteenth century underworld, drawn from authentic and mainly contemporary sources, and seen from the somewhat unconventional standpoint of those engaged in upholding and not in violating the law."

The Bow Street magistrates had totally inadequate means at their disposal for preserving order. The system under which constables served was thoroughly ineffective; the "Charlies," as the watchmen were called, were known everywhere to be aged, decrepit and useless at their work; and the justices of the peace were, in Smollett's words, "men of profligate lives, needy, mean, ignorant and rapacious." Amid the general disorder the Bow Street justices stood out as illustrious exceptions; and it was to their initiative and example that were due all the spasmodic attempts at police reform, before Sir Robert Peel's Bill in 1829 established the Metropolitan Police Force.

Mr. Armitage's method is simple; the period he surveys extends conveniently over a hundred years; he begins a fresh chapter with the accession of every new chief Bow Street magistrate. Colonel Sir Thomas de Veil prepared the way; but it was Sir Henry Fielding, the novelist, who first founded the Bow Street Police in 1748. He did not remain long in office owing to ill-health, and retired in 1754, dying in Lisbon a few months later. He was succeeded by his half-brother, John Fielding, who was knighted in 1760 and remained in office until his death in 1780. It was in this year that occurred the most famous event in his career, namely the Gordon Riots. Their direct

cause was the Relief Act of 1778, abolishing the penalties to which the Roman Catholics were subjected under William III's Act of 1699. A League called the Protestant Association was formed, under Lord George Gordon, to obtain the repeal of the Act. The riots lasted a whole week, and became so serious that the militia had to be called in to supplement the regular troops.

One of the most remarkable criminals of the century was Charles Price, nicknamed "Old Patch," the forger and swindler. After an eventful career, which was highly

successful though nearly brought to a sudden conclusion two or three times, he was finally arrested in a pawnbroker's shop, where he used to pass forged notes, one of which was traced back by the bank to the pawnbroker. He hanged himself from two gimlets in his cell before his trial came up.

At this point in the book there is a chapter on the Bow Street Establishment in 1797. It then consisted of three magistrates, four clerks, six "officers," an "office-keeper," a housekeeper, a messenger, an assistant jailer and sixty-eight patrol. And it remained practically unaltered until Peel's Act of 1829.

Sir Richard Ford, who succeeded Sir William Addington in 1800, founded in 1805 the Horse Patrol Establishment, the first uniformed police force in England. He was succeeded by James Read in 1806, the year of the "O. P. riots," which lasted for two months. The cause was the increase of prices at the new Covent Garden Theatre, necessitated by the expense of rebuilding and enlarging the theatre (the old one having been destroyed by fire). On the first

night armed ruffians deliberately ruined the performance with shouts and catcalls. This continued for some nights, the O. P.'s becoming increasingly vigorous, until the help of Bow Street was enlisted. This made the O. P.'s even more violent and determined; and finally the management gave in and granted all their terms. The robbery of the Paisley Bank in 1810 gives us a glimpse of the extraordinary transactions between rogue and runner that took place in the "Brown Bear," the celebrated flash-house close to the Bow Street Police Office.

Sir Nathaniel Conant's first case of importance was the Stock Exchange fraud of 1814, in which Lord Cochrane, a man of no little distinction, being a naval officer and a Member of Parliament for Westminster, was implicated. In 1820 the famous Cato Street Conspiracy took place—the plot to assassinate the whole Cabinet while at dinner with



Sir John Fielding.

After a portrait by W. Peters, R.A.

From "The History of the Bow Street Runners," by Gilbert Armitage (Wishart).

Lord Harrowby. The conspirators were betrayed by a Government spy whom they had been foolish enough to admit into their confidence.

Only the more famous cases have been referred to here; there are many more, equally interesting to read about. Mr. Armitage concludes his book with a note on the runners, of whom the most well known was probably Townsend, whose special duties kept him continually at Court; and with a reprint of "Thieving Detected," first published in 1777 and addressed to Sir John Fielding, "being a true and particular description of the various methods and artifices used by thieves and sharpers to take in and deceive

the public; with proper cautions to guard against such destructive Measures."

This book is extremely well arranged, and makes very good reading. But Mr. Armitage has done more than entertain, for he gives us an impression of the life of the people during the period with which he deals, and their attitude to crime in general and to particular crimes. The account of the barbarous treatment of two men in the pillory, by a crowd enraged at the nature of their crime, is truly terrifying.

The six illustrations are a most welcome addition to a thoroughly interesting book.

GEORGIA THE PICARESQUE

A History of the Georgian People.

By W. E. D. Allen. 31s. 6d. (Kegan Paul.)

In the British cemetery at Jerusalem is a keeper named General Prince Gruzinsky. Gruzinsky in Russian means Georgian, and Prince Gruzinsky is in fact a Georgian—heir male of those Georgian kings, claiming descent from the House of David, who ceased to reign in Georgia over a hundred years ago.

His fate is picaresque, and becomes more picaresque when Georgian orthodoxy and the medley and intensity of Jerusalemite faiths are remembered. It is not however more picaresque than that of the Georgian people. Few peoples on the Eurasian continent have a more entertaining history; none has been more neglected by the historian. Lermontov made the legend of Queen Tamara familiar at any rate to the Russians who had conquered her descendants. Marie-Félicité Brosset wrote a long history of Georgia in French—in these by-ways of scholarship the French have a much better record than ourselves. And in modern times, by such devious ways do nations come into their own, the name of Stalin (otherwise Jugashvili) has made Englishmen aware that Georgia exists.

Mr. Allen thus had slight foundations on which to build. A greater purpose might have been served had he more clearly realised this. His history is packed with information of every kind. There are the Georgian kings, with their quarrels and intrigues and wars—the Middle Ages persisting down to modern times. There is the clash of Christianity and Mohammedanism in the Near East—a clash in which the Christian Georgians played a prominent part. There is the early history of Georgia, recalling the legend of the Golden Fleece, and the later history, connecting Asia, *via* Byzantium, with Rome. There are Georgian art and literature, both of high order, and the Georgian people, chivalrous, callous, irresponsible and as lovable as any can be.

On all of these subjects Mr. Allen has much to say that to English readers is valuable and new. On all it might have been better had he said less. Before his history was published, the only information about Georgia, readily available to English readers, was in the section which he himself contributed to "The Nations of To-day." It might therefore have aroused greater interest had he left aside discussions of, for example, philological detail, and instead devoted his energies—which must be immense for a man so young to have acquired learning so vast—to simple presentation of the facts. For while the professional historian may welcome the reference to chapter and verse, and the long dissertations on the rights and wrongs of theories sometimes outworn, most people will find them rather a hindrance to enjoyment of an amusing tale.

For amusement there is, and often enough. The story, quoted from Chardin, of the impecunious nobleman who, to find the money to marry his mistress, sold his wife and twelve kidnapped priests to a Turk, is but one of many. And to add to delights of this kind, there are some serious analyses of features of Georgian history which almost justify Mr. Allen's preference in history for the man-made and chance-made rather than the economic. Alien conquerors notwithstanding, the Georgian people is, and always has been, a nation, as anyone meeting a Georgian for the first time can see at once. Yet why this should be

By Wilfrid Hope

so is as hard for the scientific historian to say as it is for him to explain the continuance of Irish nationhood. Conquest does not explain it, for nations have been conquered, and died. Neither does religion, nor language, nor economic way of life. But Mr. Allen comes near to it when he speaks of the "aesthetic irresponsibility" of this people, who retain in a remarkable degree "the clear and gentle outlook, the free and inquiring intelligence, and the high amoral and untrammelled mind of primitive man."

In those matters in which intuition counts as much as knowledge, Mr. Allen is indeed as good a guide as one could wish. If he is less good elsewhere the fault may perhaps be attributed less to his lack of appreciation of what the English public needed than to a desire to pack into one book as much as possible about a subject quite unknown.

As a foot-note to this last reflection it may be added that the present writer, desiring to check one of Mr. Allen's statements, consulted the "Encyclopædia Britannica" as the handiest book of reference. He found two pages there given to Georgia in the Caucasus, six pages to Georgia in the United States.

JOSEPHUS.

By Lion Feuchtwanger. 7s. 6d. (Martin Secker.)

This is a very important book, the best by Lion Feuchtwanger that has appeared yet in English, far better than "The Ugly Duchess"; severer, more profound, if less brilliant than "The Jew Suss." To the Jew above all it must be of overwhelming interest, the story of their greatest historian, priest, Pharisee, of princely descent, and of the greatest beauty and intelligence of body and mind, up to the time of the last siege of Jerusalem and the final destruction of the Temple by Titus.

The life of Flavius Josephus is the story of those awful years. The name Flavius he took from the family name of Vespasian, whose prisoner he became after his superb defence of Jopata, to whom he became attached with a deep and mysterious alliance rather than friendship. They were years of overwhelming importance for human society, then and ever since, and their happenings a frame for the life of this particular Jew, so admired, so hated, so wondered at. Herr Feuchtwanger has little need to invent, all that has been done for him; and this time his story moves with the pace of tragedy in the full blaze of history. What he has done is to convey the clash and horror and splendour of his events. The theme here is greater than the writer, and he knows it. Josephus was the strictest of Jews, yet aware that his invisible Jehovah was equally expressed by Rome as by Israel. This knowledge did not make a sentimentalist of him, but one of the most realistic statesmen of his time. He achieved it without loss to his faith or to his essential service to his country; with some loss to what ordinary men think of as honour; with none to his imaginative life. Such a story, without the setting, would make a sufficient spiritual adventure; while set in a great historic tragedy it makes an incomparable story, superbly told, and a book—on which no short review can be adequate—to be read by every human being for whom the European past has any sort of significance.

MARY BUTTS.

"WERE THESE VICTORIANS" ?

By Gilbert Armitage

Samuel Butler : A Mid-Victorian Modern.

By Clara G. Stillman. 16s. (Secker.)

The Pre-Raphaelite Comedy.

By Francis Bickley. 12s. (Constable.)

H. M. Stanley—Explorer.

By Jakob Wassermann. 12s. 6d. (Cassell.)

If the penny press is a reliable index of democratic taste, Victorianism, like marriage, is a subject of which the Little Man is never tired of reading. A hypothetical "outsider"—a Martian for instance—might suppose that this phenomenon revealed a pertinacious desire on the part of the general public to understand contemporary problems in the light of the social and economic history of the last hundred years. A person however who has had the privilege of being born "inside" that bewildering spatio-temporal complex, known as the present age, would have to be very naïve indeed to be able to accept any such explanation. For a long time now the term Victorian has been divested of any shred or remnant of *meaning* that it may once have been endowed with; and its amazing survival value must be attributed to the fact that it has been taken right out of the sphere of rational discussion (of which the great mass of newspaper readers soon tire), and exists in its own right as an evocative of certain generalised responses, as universal and recurrent as hunger.

This I admit is a mere hypothesis. But a reading of the most important book on my list—Mrs. Stillman's psychologically conceived, but soberly and carefully written, biography of Samuel Butler—has suggested some tentative corroboration of my thesis. Putting the matter rather playfully, one might say that our diffused reaction to the word Victorian bears some resemblance to that produced in many Victorians by the word Evolution. The Victorians, as befitted a generation of responsible, God-fearing breeders of families, were outraged at the notion that *they* were descended, however remotely, from *apes*; while we, the care-free Peter Pans of big business, are deliciously shocked to think that we could ever have been so grown up, so *human* as the Victorians. When we contemplate the grave and hirsute countenances of our forbears, lined with long pondering of moral problems, or set in the stern mould of the Commander of Men, we giggle at the idea that we could ever grow as old and stuffy as that—rather not! With our kind and capable, if rather shadowy, parents, Business and Science, we will always remain one big, jolly family of daring, precocious, amusing, sometimes wistful, but always ever so charming children. Of course we may sometimes go a little too far in our high-spirited audacities, and have to be punished. But that only makes life all the more exciting. And anyhow we're only children and we've got parents to look after us, so nothing awful can happen to us really. It's so nice to feel *safe*, with the world in the state they tell us it's in.

In this way I believe the present sniggering attitude (of the masses of course, not of the intelligent) towards the Victorian age can be explained as a manifestation of the universal desire to *feel safe*—a civilised perversion of the instinct of self-preservation—in a puzzling and probably hostile environment. So much therefore for the children; let us turn for a moment to the grown-ups, and see if we can how far they correspond to the nursery impression of them.

It will be no doubt something of a shock to the toddlers to discover (if they are capable of appreciating it) that their august and formidable parents were in much the same predicament as themselves. The Victorians, for all their superficial complacency, were in truth sadly bewildered. Already in their time industrial technique showed signs of proving too much for the social system to cope with; already scientific technique was undermining the age-old ramparts of the eternal verities in a most alarming manner. Meanwhile the technique of living (if one may so call it), unable to keep pace with these developments, abandoned

all attempts to adapt itself squarely to new environmental conditions and, like a repressed wish emerging as a neurosis, took on the perverted form of a technique for devising methods of escape from living.

Not unnaturally, since the necessity of escaping was more imperative for those who were most clearly aware of the situation, one of the most favoured asylums for refugees from living was afforded by Art. Take for example the Pre-Raphaelites, with whom Mr. Bickley has dealt quite interestingly, if a little scrappily, in "The Pre-Raphaelite Comedy." The essence of Pre-Raphaelism proper, as exemplified in the work of the one consistent Pre-Raphaelite, Holman Hunt, was a revolt from the conventions of eighteenth century painting, and a return, in the utter absence of any convention more suited to the needs, which he dimly realised, of the new age, to accuracy in the representation of nature. There is defeatism for you and, in view of the mysticism ultimately implied, escape. Later painters, sometimes inaccurately classified as Pre-Raphaelites, such as Burne-Jones, found an easier oblivion in romantic mediævalism.

For those who cannot escape from life into Art, there remains Action, which is certainly to-day the more popular alternative. I suppose that among Victorian men of action H. M. Stanley, with his almost too simple piety, and his innate capacity for handling niggers, was not only notable but also typical. I was therefore especially interested to discover that Jakob Wassermann regards the career of the famous journalist-explorer as a paradigm of the proposition that "the urge to activity can, when unduly intensified, lead to a positive frenzy, in which the doer is really 'beside himself'; with the result that his actions do not merely *lack the much vaunted foundation of reality* [my italics], but unavoidably and automatically culminate in the realm of the preposterous."

But of course every well-brought-up person to-day knows that the Victorians were sentimentalists, nostalgics, escapists, self-deceivers. What perhaps we do not realise with the same clarity is that our own preoccupation with that unfortunate era springs from the identical motive that produced the grimmest Victorian aberrations; and that our fellow-feeling for Samuel Butler is partly, at any rate, due to the fact that he, like his now venerable successor, Mr. Shaw, was pre-eminently an "*enfant terrible*."

UP THE AMAZON AND OVER THE ANDES. By Violet O. Cressy-Marcks, F.R.A.S., F.R.G.S., F.Z.S. 12s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

As Admiral Goodenough points out in his introduction, the interest of Mrs. Cressy-Marcks's book lies in the central part where "light-heartedness gave place to stout-heartedness." Only stout-heartedness and amazing powers of endurance could bring success to the journey named in the title, and made alone, as far as any responsible white companion was concerned. The trip on the Amazon would have been sufficiently adventurous for most people. The boats were filthy and the mosquitoes universal. Further on a Czechoslovakian sharing her canoe went mad with heat and shot himself, and Mrs. Cressy-Marcks was bitten by a snake. But this part of the trip was secure and even luxurious compared with the crossing of the mountains. The author was on foot, drenched to the skin, with a temperature of 103° and a septic wound in her leg. She was accompanied by "eight mules, a drunken man, a sick youth and a parrot." The man refused to let his employer ride, and when at 14,000 feet, exhausted and half starved, she stumbled and fell, he left her on the track. A fortunate encounter saved Mrs. Cressy-Marcks's life, and after five or six days of incredible hardship, she arrived safely at Lima. There are interesting notes on flora and fauna, and on various Indian tribes. The photographic illustrations are good, but a more detailed map would have been an improvement.

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No. 24

JANUARY, 1933

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By MICHAEL GORING

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CHINA

China : The Pity of it.

By J. O. P. Bland. 8s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

According to Mr. Bland, the only thing to be done with China is for the Powers to occupy and control the railways and arsenals, put a permanent garrison in Bias Bay where the pirates come from, buy out the communists in the Yangtze valley and, in a word, set up "an agreed system of specific and temporary mandates . . . under the general auspices of the League (America consenting)."

Mr. Bland knows quite well—or could very soon find out—that there is not the slightest possibility that the Powers—other than Japan—would for a moment consider such a policy. That they are wise can be seen by anyone who considers what is happening to-day in Manchuria, where Japan is trying to carry out Mr. Bland's ideas. Japan has occupied and controls the railways, it has permanent garrisons all over the country, and if it has not bought out communists it has done its best to buy out other people. And the result? The whole country outside the railway zones is in a state of chaos; British citizens in the garrisoned areas are being advised by the British consular authorities to carry arms for their own protection; some have been shot, others have been carried off by bandits. As Mr. Bland says—"the pity of it!"

While one must quarrel with Mr. Bland's remedies, one can within limits accept his diagnosis of the Chinese malady. Thus he undoubtedly makes out a very strong case against missionaries in general. Their unselfishness and enthusiasm are beyond praise. But there is a growing weight of evidence to show that they have disturbed the old Confucian basis of Chinese morality without putting Christianity in its place. Mr. Bland ascribes much of China's present ills to this fact.

All the same, it is a little disconcerting to find Mr. Bland quoting with approval on page eighty-four the dictum of an American professor, Dr. Paul Monroe, that "The disintegration of the family unity is the most significant change now going on in modern China," whereas on page fifty he has already given his own view that "the object instinctively pursued by every son of Han" is "that of placing his own kith and kin beyond the menace of poverty for several generations."

Mr. Bland has barbed his shafts for many others besides the missionaries. His chief bugbears are the Cantonese and the Foreign Office, not forgetting Mr. Lionel Curtis. His indictments would carry more weight if he were not so adept at the art of damnation by adjective. He writes picturesquely of the "hybrid" cult of Sun Yat Sen, the "sinister" character of Kuomintang propaganda. But in too many instances he brings no evidence to prove his case. He tilts at much length at Dr. Sun's "Three Principles," and shows how the Jesuit writer, Father d'Elia, interprets them in one way, and the Belgian socialist, M. Emile Vandervelde, another way. But he gives the reader no chance of judging the Three Principles for himself. Mr. Bland of course has no use for them at all, and says so at great and misemployed length.

The truth is, Mr. Bland is too fond of hanging the unfortunate dogs he does not like, without taking the trouble to prove that the bad names he gives them really apply to them. One could cite many striking phrases in which Mr. Bland has done eminent statesmen, and so himself, less than justice. It is easy for instance to accuse Dr. Sun Yat Sen of merely possessing "fluent opportunism unhampered by facts." But if the epigram really means anything and is to stick, it must be proved. It would be just as hyperbolically easy to accuse Mr. Bland of possessing a fluent flow of facts unhampered by opportunism, and to remind him of what happened to Mr. Gradgrind, who began by boasting of an inexhaustible supply of facts unhampered by anything at all.

Dr. Sun was a visionary. Most Chinese are. Mr. Bland presumably would consider himself a realist. Certainly he is at his best when simply recounting facts, and at his worst he brings his imagination to bear on those facts. There is no dispute about the actualities of the Chinese

situation. It leaps, as the French say, to the eyes. Mr. Bland himself describes the facts with clarity and force.

But his deductions and analyses are another matter. He sees the mess that others see, but his spectacles unhappily are of the same hue as the Japanese'. His idea of outside intervention is clothed in a decent mantle of international respectability through the kind offices he ascribes to the League. But it is none the less foreign interference which in the face of Chinese hostility would be bound to fail. And who but Mr. Bland can doubt that this hostility would be almost universal throughout China.

GODFREY LIAS.

MISTRESS GWYN

Pretty, Witty Nell.

By Clifford Bax. 12s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

Nell Gwyn, the orange-girl and actress who rose to be the king's mistress and to hold even his affections to the end of his days, was despite her shortcomings a remarkable character. So remarkable, so lovable indeed that she is one of four or five women in the whole of past history who can claim that the world still falls in love with them. Posterity began to admire her soon after her death, and has continued to do so, says Mr. Bax, "generation after generation, ever since." No one could better have helped us to understand her than Mr. Bax. His light but sympathetic brush makes her live on the canvas with a bubbling humour that she herself would have been the first to enjoy.

A curious man, the king who ruled over the England of Nell Gwyn. Diplomatic, dissolute and yet serious, he will be recognised at once in an opening paragraph: "At Dover, on his way back from France at the Restoration, the Mayor had presented him with a Bible: 'the thing,' said Charles, 'I love above all things in the world.' At Canterbury the Recorder had offered him a golden tankard—and Charles, being humorous and quick-witted, must have been sorely tempted to use the phrase a second time." His subjects definitely laid down the Bible to take up the tankard on his arrival—an inevitable reaction from Puritanism; and it is difficult for us to realise the roughness and brutality of the time. The story is even told that on one occasion, down in a western county, an escaped monkey was hanged by villagers, who supposed it to be a Frenchman. But roughness was nothing new to Nell. She lived afterwards in incredible luxury at the brilliant court of St. James's, surrounded by the wits and poets of the age. But she started out at fourteen selling oranges to fine gentlemen in the stalls, the butt of every ribald joke, haggling over the price of what was then an immense luxury, each orange costing sixpence—the present-day equivalent of several shillings. Eventually she went on the stage herself, but her career was checked in full flight by the appalling disasters of the Plague and the Great Fire which, following on one another's heels, drove all thoughts of the theatre from the heads of a panic-stricken and fleeing population. Mr. Bax in a few lines gives a fine picture of both disasters.

When she had captured the king's heart and was throned in state as one of his official mistresses, Nell began the good-humoured fight with her rivals that was to last the length of Charles's fickle life.

In the days of her splendour Nell never forgot her shabby family or tried to conceal them. She loved and tended her drunken mother to the end. Her charities to those who had suffered, as she suffered, from poverty and neglect were unending, and she inspired the foundation of the Chelsea Hospital. "Long after the last of those who had ever seen her face were dead, it remained the custom, when alms were distributed at the Savoy Chapel, to place near the door a plate with an orange. Learned men speculated as to the origin of this strange custom. They did not know that it was done in honour of the orange-girl who in the days of her greatness had not forgotten the poor in their need."

Mr. Bax has caught something of a great charm. It will live on enhanced in these pages. RONALD ARMSTRONG.

THE ROMAN REPUBLIC

Cambridge Ancient History : Vol. IX.
37s. 6d. (Cambridge University Press.)

The period 133-44 B.C., with which the ninth volume of the "Cambridge Ancient History" deals, is especially interesting at the present time. Rome was confronted with the problem of adapting her domestic organisation to the needs of an empire; to-day each nation in the world is faced with a similar problem—the adaptation of domestic organisation to the needs of a world-state of interdependent countries. (That, and not the British Empire, is the true parallel to the Roman problem.) In each case the increased complexity of commerce and the increased range of communication demand an expansion of consciousness. The narrative of this period at Rome is the story of the effects of a change in economic conditions on the machinery of a state and the attitudes of a nation.

From the enormous mass of material carefully collected and skilfully manipulated by the contributors to this volume, one significant fact protrudes so far that even the most casual reader will not fail to notice it. The success of every important movement of any group depended on the ability and personality of an individual. History can most clearly be apprehended in terms of individual lives, because it is in individual men that the growth of the state, as well as of the mind, shows itself. Whether individuals can be said to be produced as well as "conditioned" by the historical situation, and how much they can change or influence the situation by an effort of will, are questions often and earnestly debated to-day. Dialectical materialism—more often employed as a political instrument than properly as an historical method—insists in regarding individuals as mechanically adapted to the needs of economic evolution. But a detailed account, such as is given in this volume, of the lives of men like Marius, Sulla, Pompey and Cæsar shows how much of their power and influence was due to factors of individual psychology, unaccountable in materialist terms. Their greatness was not

in their position in the line of economic evolution, but in "themselves." It is evident that the power of the man must coincide with that of the moment, but it does not originate there. The reading of history should at least discourage people from the glib simplification of materialism.

The writing of history, on the other hand, must be beset with temptations to simplify. The complexity of the facts and, when you get close enough, their apparent shapelessness, is intimidating. The historian's task would be far easier could he find a single set of terms in which all his facts could be correlated and explained. Now that Spengler's simplification has been discredited, only dialectical materialism offers assistance.

But the contributors to the "Cambridge Ancient History" have always manfully resisted the meretricious blandishments of philosophy. They never forget that they are writing a book of reference, and that their duty is to get all the facts on paper as accurately as possible. That is a formidable task, and they have performed it perhaps irreproachably, within the limitations they have set themselves. But there should be several more volumes. Economy of space has led in most of the articles to a bewildering compression, which precludes pleasure, though it excites admiration in the reader. Mr. Sikes, who writes on "Literature in the Age of Cicero," Professor Wight Duff on "Ciceronian Society," and Mrs. Strong on "The Art of the Roman Republic," have had the easiest tasks. The nature of their subjects allows them more opportunity for selection, criticism and judgment than the rest, who have had to struggle with less tractable material.

No one is likely to cavil at the subordination of military to political history, for which the editors apologise. However interesting the topographical problems of Roman military history may be, their solution—or an attempt at their solution—cannot be compared in importance to an examination of political development. The editors in fact need apologise for nothing but the small compass of the whole work, and for that the Syndics of the University Press are probably responsible. WYNYARD BROWNE.

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A PHILOSOPHER IN SOUTH AMERICA

By C. Henry Warren

South American Meditations.

By Count Hermann Keyserling. 18s. (Jonathan Cape.)

Count Hermann Keyserling's newest book consists of twelve "Meditations" based on observations made in South America. He was attracted to that continent by an irresistible force; and now that he is home again he realises how significant South America, with its vast primeval responses, was for him. It is that significance which he has attempted to nail down in his Meditations. He has little to do with the South America of the map; his concern is with a psychoanalytic survey of the continent. War, Blood, Fate, Death and Sorrow are the titles of some of his chapters.

Reading through these chapters I could not help being reminded of D. H. Lawrence, whose interest in Mexico was of much the same order as Keyserling's in South America—but how differently they state their discoveries! Keyserling's belief in the knowledge of the blood, his declaration that it is Significance which creates the Facts, and his admiration for the Indian's ability to live in harmony with the earth—these things all point to a certain kinship with Lawrence. Such a passage as this:

"At depths immeasurably profounder than the deepest psychological research can grope down to, there are vast domains of existence which, although they also elude definition in terms of what is called physical, can only be experienced from the body. All those who have not entirely lost touch with the earthly 'Mothers,' as Goethe called them, have experienced at least for short moments what the expression 'knowledge of the blood' means."

will perhaps illustrate what I mean. Here is Lawrence speaking in someone else's voice. The matter is in essence the same and yet (without even considering the several demerits of the translation), how tortuously in Keyserling's case it pushes up to the light! The German's keen insight into the spirit of South America—the continent, as he calls it, of "the Yeast of Creation"—inevitably recalls the Englishman's painfully found affinity with Mexico; and I found myself asking what Lawrence would have made of this massive, learned, thoroughgoing book. I found the answer in Lawrence's "Letters." Here in his own words is his estimate of Keyserling:

"... there is something snobbish and not quite real about his attitude. He's often very right, only, shall we say, nerveless, after-life?"

The estimate is a just one. Keyserling goes the wrong way round after the right things. He would understand intuitive processes by the probings of the mind. The result is he often gives the impression of being in a fog; he is heavy, tortuous, grey-blooded, dim. And why? Again Lawrence has supplied the answer. With humour and swift, free insight he has summed up the German attitude to life in the following words:

"They [the Germans] love things just because they have a sentimental reason for loving them—*das Heimalland, der Tannenbaum, des Bachleins*—the very words send a German into a swoon of love, which is often as not entirely false. They make up their feelings in their head, while their real feelings go all wrong. That's why Germans come out with such startling and really silly bursts of hatred. It's the result of never living from their real feelings, always from the feelings which they invent in their heads. . . ."

Keyserling far too often seems to be inventing his feelings in his head; with the result that the reader is often bored and mistrustful. That his feelings are often so nearly right about things is because, being more often sick in bed than well out of it, he is extraordinarily sensitive to subtle, psychic impressions. Yet he will not trust himself, let himself go. Consequently, in the midst of an eminently sane and convincing meditation, he will suddenly rush off and run amuck among wild theorisings; as when, apropos of nothing, he says: "Therefore in the beginning

was not Man, but Woman; not Truth, but the Lie," proceeding to enlarge upon this to fantastic lengths.

Nevertheless this is in many ways an extraordinarily fine book, provocative, original, illuminating. Of the "base profession" of politics, for instance, Keyserling says: "Politics are *always* unjust, *always* morally evil: that is why so many criminal characters were great statesmen." Of conscience again he says: "There is naught so rare as a bad conscience where it would really be appropriate; therefore of all states of the soul a clear conscience is the most suspect." And of Nationalism: "Every scion, conscious of his roots, of a nation which has acquired an individual form is the bearer of something intimate which he shares with his countrymen equally conscious of their roots, but with no citizen of alien nations; thus he feels every meddling on their part not only as an inadmissible interference, but as a desecration." But it is useless to quote from such a book; for every quotation is only a minute facet reflecting a tiny portion of the light which is Count Keyserling's creed—a creed which already numbers among its adherents a considerable proportion of the Western world.

MEMOIRS OF A BRITISH AGENT.

By R. H. Bruce Lockhart. 9s. (Putnams.)

This is an excellent and most readable book, giving first-hand information of an epoch of the Great War concerning which first-hand information has been rather rare, namely, Russia during the Great War—including the Revolution and its sequel. The volume consists of four "books," of which the first—dealing with life as a rubber-planter in Malaya—has no connection with the main theme, but is of interest as revealing the mentality and outlook of the author. Mr. Bruce Lockhart, after leaving Malaya owing to a breakdown in health, entered the consular service and was sent to Moscow at the end of 1911 as British Vice-Consul in Moscow, subsequently rising to be, while still in his twenties, British Consul-General. An interesting sidelight is thrown upon diplomacy by the revelation that while the consul, in addition to perfect French and German, learned to speak Russian with great fluency, the British ambassador could not even say "Thank you" in that tongue. On the outbreak of the Great War immense enthusiasm was displayed by Russians generally, but the deterioration of *moral* was inevitable, and this unhappy slackening of effort is well and skilfully presented by the author. The revolution is told in detail, and there are excellent characterisations of Lenin, Trotsky and—later—Peters, with all of whom Mr. Lockhart was brought into close contact. The Russians of that era may be taken as divided into "interventionists" or "non-interventionists," i.e. those who favoured or were entirely opposed to military intervention by the Allies. At first Mr. Lockhart belonged to the latter class and, right up to the end, was incredulous as to the possibility that the "loyal" Russians were capable of overthrowing the Bolsheviks even if supported by Allied money and munitions and led by Allied officers. Eventually he went over to the other side, and in so doing fell between two stools. Mr. Lockhart frankly states the reasons for his *volte face*. "The motives for my conduct were two . . . I was unwilling to leave Russia because of Moura [a lady to whom he had become attached]. The other motive . . . was that I lacked the moral courage to resign and take a stand which would have exposed me to the odium of the vast majority of my countrymen." Later, when acting in 1918 on a semi-accredited mission of sorts to the Bolshevik leaders, the change in Mr. Lockhart's views had unpleasant consequences for him. But he left the Kremlin alive—which not many people did.

F. E. WHITTON (Lieut.-Colonel).

FILM BOOKS OF 1932

The talking film having lost the glamour of novelty, dissatisfaction with its achievement has begun to express itself. That is the dominant impression derived from last year's output of film books. Chief of these—the cheapest—is "The Film in National Life" (1s.; Allen & Unwin). Produced under the auspices of a semi-official commission of educationists and representatives of Government departments, it is a document of the first importance to all who are interested in the bearing of the film on the life of the community. The main recommendation—the establishment of a National Film Institute—is in process of accomplishment.

None of the other books attempts so wide a survey. "Scrutiny of Cinema," by William Hunter (5s.; Wishart), has however the unusual merit of treating the cinema in relation to the other arts, instead of regarding it as existent by itself in a vacuum. This stimulating little review of classical films will shock its readers into reconsidering their views, though it may provoke their violent dissent.

Mr. E. G. Cousins, in "Filmland in Ferment" (10s. 6d.; Denis Archer), Mr. Andrew Buchanan, in "The Way of the Cinema" (5s.; Pitman), and Mr. L'Estrange Fawcett, in "Writing for the Films" (3s. 6d.; Pitman), turn a critical eye on present-day methods of film production, and offer constructive suggestions for their improvement. Mr. Cousins and Mr. Fawcett have the advantage of intimate acquaintance with the studios, while Mr. Buchanan writes with authority as a practitioner. "Writing for the Films" is not so limited in its scope as its title indicates. Its information is general rather than detailed or technical. The other two books deal comprehensively with film production. "The Way of the Cinema"—an excellent guide—is the more descriptive; while "Filmland in Ferment" is more concerned with present tendencies. The last-named book, which is introduced by Jack Hulbert, can be commended for its unusual illustrations.

"Hollywood As It Really Is" (2s. 6d.; Routledge), a modest volume containing sixty photographs, with mildly caustic letterpress by Dr. Erwin Debies, may be read as a foot-note to the foregoing books; while "Once in a Lifetime," by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman (6s.; Gollancz)—a play which has been filmed, with significant omissions—may be read as a devastating comment on Hollywood. Since the reality burlesques itself, the authors have proceeded to a *reductio ad absurdum*, to such good effect that its sublime extravagances make one gasp before exploding into laughter. The stage directions are models of point and humour.

The next three books are expository, practical and within their purview comprehensive. "Motion Pictures With the Baby Ciné," by Harold B. Abbott (2s. 6d.; Iliffe), in its third edition, is a useful handbook for amateurs using 9.5 mm. apparatus. It assumes no previous knowledge. Mr. G. H. Sewell's "Film-Play Production for Amateurs" (5s.; Pitman) begins so to speak where the other book leaves off. It is serviceable alike for workers on standard and sub-standard film. Bernard Brown's "Talking Pictures" (12s. 6d.; Pitman), already in its second edition, is a popular description of the technics of sound film production and exhibition. Some previous knowledge on the reader's part of electricity and mechanics is indicated.

"The Private Life of Greta Garbo," by Rilla Page Palmborg (7s. 6d.; John Long), is expository but uncritical. If less sensational than the title gives reason to hope, it at least outlines a portrait of a "strange, baffling, exotic" and, it may be added, unprepossessing character.

Finally, though not in descending order of interest, is the beautifully produced "Bombay Riots" (10s. 6d.; Scholartis Press). Mr. C. Denis Pegge makes the experiment of describing, in film scenario form for reading, a series of incidents culminating in a riot of Ghandi's followers. No novel or play, writes Mr. Anthony Asquith in an introduction, "could have presented this material with the same swift directness. . . ." To that extent the experiment may be regarded as successful. MARK SEGAL.

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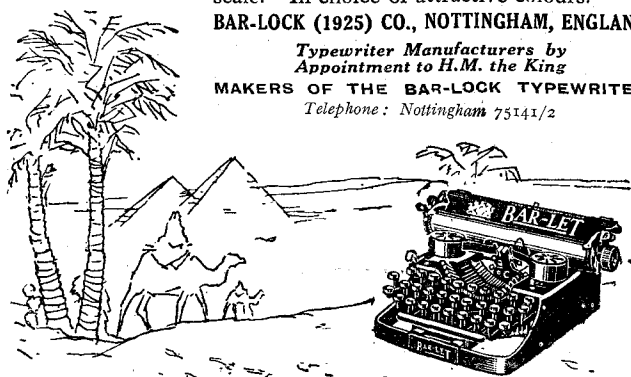
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(continued on page 419)

"THRILLERS" AND BOOKS THAT THRILL By Marcus Magill

- The Killing Bottle.**
By L. P. Hartley. 7s. 6d. (Putnams.)
- The Castleford Conundrum.**
By J. J. Connington. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
- The Solution of a Mystery.**
By J. S. Fletcher. 7s. 6d. (Harrap.)
- The Swooning Venus.**
By Antony Marsden. 7s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)
- Captain King Investigates.**
By Keith Trask. 7s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)
- The Last Straw.**
By Fergus Hume. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
- The Gold Comfit Box.**
By Valentine Williams. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
- The Imperfect Crime.**
By Bruce Graeme. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
- No Friendly Drop.**
By Henry Wade. 3s. 6d. (Constable.)
- Within the Precincts of the Prison.**
By Arnold Lunn. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
- The Broken Men.**
By Val Gielgud. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)
- Mr. Malcolm Presents.**
By Gerard Fairlie. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
- The Trail of the Three Lean Men.**
By Noel Barclay. 7s. 6d. (Dickson.)
- Fear Stalks the Village.**
By Ethel Lina White. 7s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)



Valentine Williams.
Portrait by Elliott & Fry.

What is a "thriller"? For some years past we have described certain novels by this vague title. Publishers' lists contain "new 'thrillers,'" authors are described as "masters of the 'thriller,'" readers confide in each other that they "revel in 'thrillers.'" But what does it all mean? If we use the word "thrill" to convey a feeling

in the reader's mind of suspense, excitement and terror, we must obviously include books that are never classed as "thrillers" at all, such as Mr. Hartley's collection of ghost stories, and exclude the absorbing, but hardly thrilling, intellectual problems of Mr. Connington and Mr. Wade. If by "thriller" we mean a detective story, where must we put Mr. Valentine Williams's spy story, which hurries the reader into a world of such wild and breathless excitement that he has no time to stop and cry, "But I don't believe it"? It seems to me that this overworked word needs a rest.

Undoubtedly the most thrilling book among those before me is "The Killing Bottle," which, as I have said, would not be listed as a "thriller." Among the candidates for the macabre mantle of Dr. M. R. James (who, alas, has announced his intention of writing no more ghost stories) Mr. Hartley stands more than a good chance of success. Not all of the tales in this volume deal with the supernatural, but over most of them a miasma of uneasiness thickens into horror as the reader progresses. Mr. Hartley needs no churchyard yews or thunderous skies, none of the stock paraphernalia of the horrormonger, to chill the blood. The most ordinary surroundings take a sinister twist in his hands. His characters are real people, his writing without blemish, his plots original. These stories linger in the mind with a pleasantly uncomfortable insistence after the book is put down.

When the title of a novel by Mr. Connington contains the word "conundrum," we can guess that something in the nature of an intricate problem awaits us. Mr. Connington is a veritable "Torquemada" among the

inventors of criminal cross-word puzzles, and his ingenuity is astonishing. The plot of "The Castleford Conundrum" opens with a rich woman who some time previously has married a poor man. More than one of Mrs. Castleford's relations is interested in the disposal of her fortune. When, therefore, in the interval between the destruction of one will and the making of a new one, she is found shot, suspicion falls naturally on her husband, who benefits from her intestacy. How he is cleared and the real murderer unmasked makes an intriguing tale, which is none the less readable if, like myself, you spot the criminal early in the book, for the chief interest lies more in the method of the crime than in the identity of the murderer. This is Mr. Connington's best mystery to date.

When the body of a rent collector was discovered in a Yorkshire wood with his head battered in, the police arrested Richard Radford, towards whom a considerable amount of circumstantial evidence pointed. He was tried and acquitted of the charge, and Mr. J. S. Fletcher, in telling the story of the crime, does so from four angles, giving us the points of view of the superintendent of police in charge of the case, the solicitor called in for the defence, the foreman of the jury, and the suspected man himself. The result, although we are given little chance of making deductions on our own account, is an entertaining and original book, distinguished by this author's careful attention to detail and good character drawing. But surely the police inquiries were a little perfunctory?

A middle-aged lady, who has a reputation as a brilliant engraver—and not only as an engraver of innocent landscapes—is the unusual detective Mr. Antony Marsden has invented to solve the mystery of "The Swooning Venus." The first riddle we are asked to answer is how the famous picture that gives the book its title came to be stolen from the Art Gallery. Next we ask ourselves why it was stolen, and before we have found the answers to these two problems we have assisted at one murder, an attempt at a second one, and a grand mix-up as a finale. The author stirs his ingredients with a light hand, and he knows the value of a swiftly mounting tension. Perhaps, if we stopped to think, imperfections in the plot might become evident, but Mr. Marsden gives us little time to do that.

Mr. Trask has also chosen a detective out of the ordinary—a ship's captain. This triple-murder story is laid on a liner travelling between Costaragua and New York. The author, who writes in a breezy American style, knows his way about a ship and seems equally at home in the engine room and on the boat deck. There is only one woman in the story, but, when I tell you that she is a famous South American dancer who has a pretty penchant for having her teeth stopped with diamonds, you will understand that the voyage with Captain King is no dull one.

The late Mr. Fergus Hume wrote "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," which was a best seller in its day. "The Last Straw" may not achieve such heights, but it has its points. Listen to the villains talking in a "Jazz palace of unrestrained animalism" situated in a London suburb: "I'll tell her that she isn't my wife, so that she and Laura can go to the devil if they like."

"But your own child," whispered the hardened woman in a faltering voice, for the mother in her spoke through the adventuress."

The author, you see, could read a lot more into the behaviour of the inhabitants of the outer circle of London than you or I can. As the publishers' puff proclaims of the book, "Its scoundrels are villains of the deepest dye; its heroines delightfully girlish; its murders all that murders can be." Those playgoers who flocked to the Elephant and Castle a few years ago to revel in the superb blood-and-thunder of "Maria Marten" and "Sweeney Todd," must buy, beg or borrow this book. They will not regret it.

If you are already acquainted with Herr Dr. Grundt, you will need to know no more than that "The Gold Comfit Box" is another "Clubfoot" story, and fully

up to the level of the former ones. If however the shadow of the terrible German secret agent has never fallen across your path, and if you enjoy a headlong tale of spying and counter-spying, of mysterious and lovely ladies, of knife thrusts, revolver bullets, stolen papers, and chases through the less reputable parts of Europe, Mr. Williams is the man for you. He is too old a hand at the game to make a false step, and his book is definitely one which cannot be laid aside until the last page is reached.

Mr. Graeme's detective, Inspector Allain of the Sûreté Générale, is a terrible fellow. Not content with being a regular d'Artagnan with the ladies, he is quite ready in the Dumas manner to execute the criminal with his own hands. Nothing escapes his eagle eye. Of one suspect's appearance he can confidently say—"It is the chin of a criminal and a murderer, but not the chin of a man who after committing a murder, will say nothing." A man of this perspicacity should have cleared up "the affair Blanchard" in an hour or two. The murders in "The Imperfect Crime" are committed in France against the background of a Paris of the week-end tourist's imagination, where the detectives in their off hours take "broad-minded" recreation. The book has its moments of excitement.

Mr. Wade's poison mystery was originally published at the end of last year, but the author had unwittingly referred to a drug actually on the market. The proprietors of the drug objected and the book was withdrawn, to be reissued now with the offending references deleted. Mr. Wade's misfortune is in a way our good luck, for the book is now priced at three and sixpence instead of the former seven and sixpence. There is no need to tell detective story fans that Mr. Wade is one of the masters of this genre. Let them get the book for themselves and see how in the hands of a capable writer the gulf is bridged between the machine-made mystery story and the novel of character.

A chapter in Mr. Lunn's original book opens with the summing-up in a murder trial. "You must remember," the judge warns the jury, "that this crime must be proved beyond all reasonable doubt." And he proceeds to explain that this does not mean the exclusion of all possible doubt, but only implies that degree of certainty that a man would act upon in making an important decision.

Suppose we apply the same criterion to the crime story. The author assumes the wig and gown of Counsel for the Crown, the reader takes his place in the jury box. Are we satisfied that the authors of the five books listed above have convinced us "beyond all reasonable doubt" that the events of which they tell could have happened?

"Within the Precincts of the Prison" gives us a brilliantly realistic account of the sufferings of a man wrongfully accused of murder. Step by painful step we accompany Oliver Wood from his arrest to his conviction—and beyond. The author does not even spare us the gallows to add a final touch of horror to his tragedy, and we are left with the uneasy feeling that it is possible for life to supply a parallel to the Wood case—that innocent men may be condemned on circumstantial evidence.

So far Mr. Lunn has matters his own way with the jury-reader, but this is not the end. In the book's ultimate *dénouement* when the real murderer is spook-haunted to confession of a crime so absurd, so clumsily contrived that it is incredible, the author considerably weakens his case, and we ask ourselves how Oliver Wood could possibly have been convicted on evidence so flimsy.

Mr. Gielgud follows the Buchan tradition. His stories

deal with an underworld of international intrigue and spies and counter-spies. How "The Broken Men" and their grim conspiracy were foiled by the attempts of two amateur recruits to the British secret service makes a readable story, briskly and competently told, even if it reaches no very great pitch of excitement. The usual romance is included, but here some readers may feel that a young woman who can light-heartedly lose a fortune at baccarat is a doubtful prize.

In his latest story Mr. Fairlie takes us to St. Andrews and shows us some curious happenings at the Hotel Supreme during the Amateur Golf Championship. In fact the hotel is opened like a doll's house for our inspection. We see murder and blackmail being plotted, and watch "Mr. Malcolm's" smoothly efficient methods of detection. The coincidences in this detective story may arouse "reasonable doubt" in our minds, but the book will pass an hour or two very pleasantly.

Mr. Barclay's novel, like Mr. Gielgud's, deals with foreign adventure. If you enjoy a tale of red-hot excitement which goes with a swing from the first word, this is your book. The author puts over his story of a gangster's vendetta with tremendous energy and skill, and the final scenes, in one of those Ruritanian countries so useful to the novelist, are as hair-raising as one could wish. Those who start on "The Trail of the Three Lean Men" will not turn back before the very last corner is rounded.

The fear that stalks Miss Ethel Lina White's perfect village is not, I am afraid, unaccompanied by dullness and some doubt as to the likelihood of the happenings she describes. Whether the advent of an anonymous letter-writer would produce such hysteria among normal people may be questioned. But then, at least from their conversation, Miss White's characters are hardly normal. There are some suicides in this book, a detective to solve the mystery, and a great deal of talk which does not help on the plot.

Bluefly

Die from my mind, bluefly.
Go, gasfire, cold
That livened you, discredited you
To cut stale air
Exhuming with quivering quick wings
Dry confined things.

Another
And another buzzed in now dead room
In green huge August.
Thin hands black were four,
And I recall knees bare,
His second cup, his wigged and walled forefather there,
Green-ink-grimed serge, torn chintz on halt arm-chair,
Sideboarded salad bowl stuffed up
With length of gut, nasturtium seed, knobbed halma men,
A broken pawn, soul-shape but rusted syphon-bulb.

An addled air
Strolled in; brought waxy smells
Of hot-rayed Johnswort suns.
Ran on green blistered sill
Quick-scarlet insect grains.

To grave mad dust

Go red-fire grey
Let lethal frost
Crawl in
Freeze tedious metallic fly
Shoot vain wombpigeon pain.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON.

The Collector

MAINLY ABOUT AMERICA

By Edmund W. Nicholls

"And that," said the proprietress of a New York bookshop one bright afternoon in the spring of 1928, as she replaced an unusually heavy tome in position, "goes away until my Fall Catalogue comes out, because by then its author will be our President and the book will command a premium." She proved to be right. The 1928 Election gave Herbert Hoover a record majority, and created a demand for President and Mrs. Hoover's translation of Agricola's "*De Re Metallica*." From a modest \$25, the price soared to \$150 or \$175. Such was the enthusiasm that a sale was reported for around \$500—a transaction which, as John T. Winterich half-humorously remarked, should have involved the seller in a prosecution unless the copy was an Author's Presentation, or specially inscribed Association item.

Booksellers have had the name of Franklin D. Roosevelt, of Hyde Park, New York, on their list of collectors for years, but as a community they can hardly have been susceptible to the plea put forth that he deserved their support *because* he was a collector. Mr. Hoover at least provided them with revenue as a collected author for a time, even if "*De Re Metallica*" failed to achieve the parlous dignity of a "high-spot." That last indignity was spared the long-suffering incumbent of the White House. It was during the current tenure of office that some genius discovered the White House lacked a real library, and invitations to contribute a volume were sent to the publishing and bookselling interests. The selection gathered together would have pleased a man of catholic tastes, comprising as it did what we all thought the President wanted or should read.

The humorist who proffered "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" was frowned upon, and a classical selection ultimately delivered *in situ* under the auspices of Mr. Frederick Melcher, of the *Publishers' Weekly*. More recently a New York bookseller, suffering from the periodical attacks of the New York Society for the Prevention of Vice, was enabled to plead, successfully I believe, that one of the attainted volumes was to be found in the White House.

For these and kindred reasons we may say that the outgoing President has left some mark on the literature of his time. His predecessor, Calvin Coolidge, will be remembered for his "Have Faith in Massachusetts"—a state which, by the way, deserted the Republican Party in 1928 and 1932. Now that fickle fortune has deserted the President, we may expect to see "*De Re Metallica*" relegated to the \$50 class, at which figure it should remain firm. Since making that estimate of its market value, I have seen a splendid copy on Maggs Brothers' bookshelves, priced at fourteen guineas, or \$47 at to-day's rate. (I see no point in translating dollars at par in these notes. We are far below par to-day and like to remain there for a long while to come. Let us calculate accordingly.)

A final and topical note, and we are through with Presidential contributions to literature and influences on book-collecting. A story is current that an eminent writer on economics recently sought high and low for Mr. Hoover's translation of "*De Re Metallica*" under the misguided impression that it would afford some clue to the presidential mind in the matter of the transfer of specie to pay the War Debts. He might as reasonably have supposed it a work on alchemy and the transmutation of metals. A parallel might be provided closer home if, in seeking the gospel of John Maynard Keynes, the investigator had purchased a likeable title by Geoffrey of that ilk.

I had hoped to argue, with reasons in support, that after the Election the prospect of good times in the book trade would be unmistakable. It is difficult to utter such a conviction whilst the international situation is involved and America's own trading prospects are clouded. Those over here in closest touch with America express themselves how-

ever as satisfied with the business current in rare books, and the sale prices at a recent New York auction detailed below—a by no means outstanding or highly important sale—are eminently satisfactory from our standpoint, displaying a readiness to absorb any worth-while material. Meanwhile the British booksellers should exert every energy to create new markets, mainly overseas, in order to avoid the acute dependence upon the American demand which has handicapped them in the past three years.

Collectors, bibliographers, and above all booksellers, are under a heavy obligation to Mr. Irving S. Underhill, of Buffalo, New York. Mr. Underhill is a painstaking collector with a deep sense of humour, who has already revolutionised all accepted theory of classification of the work of Mark Twain. His adventures in collecting a gross of copies of the Twain pamphlet, "*A Dog's Tale*," hitherto supposed to be almost extinct, were first described last spring in the *New York Herald Tribune* at the time. Mr. Underhill has now turned his attention to "*Tom Sawyer*" and "*Huck Finn*" with even more astounding success, as detailed in the *Colophon*. Briefly his conclusions are as follows:

"The English Edition of '*Tom Sawyer*' is the *first* by any standard of measurement.

"The type method of determining a first printing is out of place in respect to '*Huck Finn*' (American Edition).

"There is no BLUE bound first American issue of '*Huck Finn*'.

"No two copies of the America first of '*Huck Finn*' will ever be found alike."

It may be relevant to point out that, whilst the theory of first printing constituting the first edition (or perhaps I should say "issue") is incontestable, collectors as a whole are unmoved by it, and still evince a preference for the first edition produced in the author's *own* country. For example, the American "*Tom Sawyer*" can realise \$2,000 at auction, the English first around \$400. There is no possible escape from the logic of the contention that you may only describe as the "First" a work that is demonstrably the first printed *anywhere*, but it by no means follows that collectors and bibliophiles are susceptible to logic—there are not wanting those who consider our tribe are *ipso facto* possessed, so we have reason for remaining illogical.

Viscount Esher scored off the conservative collector neatly in reference to George Moore being collected in the English publications *only* by observing that "*Peronnik the Fool*" had been published in France *and* in America, but not in England, therefore he assumed the First Edition was not yet in existence. It might be in order to observe that the story achieved publication in the *London Mercury*. Meanwhile the ungodly look on and observe with mirth: "Give *me* the last edition." It will hardly be believed that a responsible English author could utter this heresy, yet such are the expressed sentiments of E. V. Lucas.

The time is now ripe to make a firm bid for the small American or other collectors. We should announce a form of Five-Year-Plan urging them to commence now with the acknowledged favourites, by ordering a copy of every new work they produce. The right first, i.e. the "first" first, should be offered, making it clear that such purchase is in every way a real investment, and cannot fail in the course of time to be appraised above its initial cost. The appeal is less powerful in the case of a heavy first printing of an author like Kipling or Priestley, but will succeed by virtue of the modesty of its promises. If to this the promoter will add individual recommendations of the lesser-known writers believed to have a future, he cannot fail to attract support and appreciation.

The sale of books from various sources, including the

estates of the late Ashton L. Carr and Helen Irving Libbey, at the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, New York, on Thursday, November 10th, 1932, realised \$15,613 for two hundred and seventy-eight lots—an average of over \$56 a lot. One of the most interesting items was a two-page autograph letter from Dickens to Poe, written from Philadelphia on March 6th, 1842. Poe had apparently enclosed his forecast of the plot of "Barnaby Rudge" (*Graham's Magazine*, 1841). Dickens seems to have been immediately interested, if not annoyed, by Poe's allusion to the similarity between the man-hunt in the Gordon Riots at the end of "Barnaby Rudge" and an incident in Godwin's "Caleb Williams," for he adds:

"Do you know that Godwin wrote it backwards—the last volume first—and that when he had produced the hunting-down of Caleb and the catastrophe, he waited for months, casting about for a means of accounting for what he had done?"

It was in "Barnaby Rudge" that Poe first met the raven he soon after made his own. This, by the way, was Dickens's first letter to Poe. It was purchased by Walter M. Hill, of Chicago, for the modest sum of \$750.

An autograph MS. of Conan Doyle, twenty-four pages, entitled "Life on a Greenland Whaler," went for \$105; an autograph MS. of Thackeray, signed twice (once with initials)—two four-line stanzas entitled "Whims"—made \$85; Boswell's "An Account of Corsica," with folding map (Glasgow, 1768), in contemporary calf, \$27.50; Elizabeth Browning's "Poems" (London, 1844), in two volumes, cloth, uncut, a presentation copy from the author, \$110; and Robert Browning's "Bells and Pomegranates," Nos. I-VIII (London, 1841-46), the eight parts in one volume, all first editions, bound from the original parts, \$80.

Lastly, the Kelmscott Chaucer (1896), folio, white pigskin, in a Doves binding, one of four hundred and twenty-five copies, of which forty-eight were bound in white pigskin after designs by William Morris, realised \$800 (£250 to-day)—purchased by Walter M. Hill.

The suggestion put forward in these columns last October that the average (sale) record of a book over the last twenty years would furnish a sound basis for valuation, is attractive, alluring and, I fear, dangerous. The accountant's golden rule of valuation—"market price, or cost, whichever is the lower"—should be applied to the rarefied atmosphere of bookselling even as in the counting-houses of humdrum commercial enterprises. The antiquarian, even though he dwell in the past, cannot ignore plain present-day business deductions.

"What is (or are) Gawsworth?" inquired a bookseller the other day. "Is he a syndicate, a new Press, or a pseudonym under which countless new ventures are launched?" John Gawsworth (Terence I. Fytton Armstrong), *et al.*, twenty, in the space of eighteen brief months, has produced twenty-five works of poetry, prose, bibliography and anthology. His time-table, which I recently inspected, calls for an even fiercer large-scale production in 1933-34. Mr. Gawsworth says he finds relief from poetical composition in the arduous of bibliographical research, whilst the joy of finally compressing the whole of an author's output into one volume induces a strain of lyrical emotion. There is no precedent in literature for these transports.

Book-collectors are doubtless familiar by now with the first series of "Ten Contemporaries" (Benn Brothers), reviewed in these columns last summer. Mr. Gawsworth's "Second Ten Contemporaries" being bibliographies of further victims, including H. E. Bates, Thomas Burke, E. M. Delafield, Liam O'Flaherty and L. A. G. Strong, has been published by Joiner & Steele in an edition of one thousand copies at seven shillings and sixpence. An original essay by each author precedes the bibliography, as in the previous volume. I am delighted to see Oliver Onions included in the latter volume. It is my belief he has been collected by stealth for years, and some of us will now blush to find it profitable.

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INDEXING, CATALOGUING AND
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RESEARCH

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ANDREW BLOCK

Part Author of "Anonyma and Pseudonyma." Author of "The Book Collector's Vade-Mecum" (Denis Archer, 1932) and "Key-Books of British Authors" (Denis Archer, March, 1933).

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A CHECK LIST OF T. F. POWYS

The following list (excluding books published in America) has been compiled with Mr. Powys's aid. Dates of writing differing appreciably from those of publication are given in brackets. Limited editions are given only when no others are available, and are marked *.

- A. "An Interpretation of Genesis" (1905). (Chatto & Windus), 1929.*
 "Soliloquies of a Hermit" (1915). (Melrose), 1918.
 A Revised Edition (Chatto & Windus), 1926.
- B. NOVELS:
- "Mr. Tasker's Gods" (1916). (Chatto & Windus), 1925.
 "Black Bryony" (1917). (Chatto & Windus), 1923.
 "The Left Leg" (including "Hester Dominy" (1918-19) and "Abraham Men"). (Chatto & Windus), 1923.
 "Mark Only." (Chatto & Windus), 1924.
 "Mockery Cap" (1923). (Chatto & Windus), 1925.
 "Innocent Birds." (Chatto & Windus), 1926.
 "Mr. Weston's Good Wine." (Chatto & Windus), 1927* and 1928.
 "Kindness in a Corner." (Chatto & Windus), 1930.
 "Unclay." (Chatto & Windus), 1931.
 "The Two Thieves" (including "In Good Earth" and "God"). (Chatto & Windus), 1932.
- C. SHORT STORIES:
- "The Strong Girl." (Archer, London), 1925.*
 "A Stubborn Tree." (Archer, London), 1926.*
 "The Dewpond." Woburn Books. (Elkin Mathews & Marrot), 1928.*
 "The House With the Echo," and Other Stories. (Those beginning on pp. 72, 82, 90, 99 and 192 respectively were written 1924-25; the remainder date from about 1923.) (Chatto & Windus), 1928.
 "Fables" (1927). (Chatto & Windus), 1929* and 1930.
 "The Key of the Field." Furnival Books. (Jackson, London), 1930.*
 "The White Paternoster" and Other Stories. (The stories beginning on pp. 13, 101, 139, 145, 168, 175, 190 and 228 were written in 1925 or 1926; the remainder in 1928-29.) (Chatto & Windus), 1930.
 "Uriah on the Hill." Minority Pamphlets. (Gordon Fraser, Cambridge), 1930.
 "A Papered Parlour." "This Quarter." (Titus, Paris), July, 1930.
 "Uncle Dottery." (Cleverdon, Bristol), 1930.*
 "The Only Penitent." (Chatto & Windus), 1930.
 "When Thou Wast Naked." (Golden Cockerel Press), 1931.*

Compiled by Cecil G. Hutchinson

- "The Dove and the Eagle." "Soma" (a miscellany). (Bhat, London), (distributed by E. Lahr, 68, Red Lion Street, W.C.1), June, 1931.*
 "The Red Petticoat." "Soma," September, 1931.*
 "A Suet Pudding." "Soma," Number Three, 1932.*
- D. Foreword to "A Moral Ending and Other Stories," by Sylvia Townsend Warner. Furnival Books. (Jackson, London), 1931.*
- NOTE.—The following books from the above list are published in two ordinary editions: "Mr. Tasker's Gods," "The House With the Echo," "The Left Leg."
- E. WORKS STILL IN MS.:
- "An Interpretation of the Book of Job" (1906).
 "The Market Bell" (1925-26). A Novel.
 "The Sixpenny Strumpet" (1931). A long Short Story.
 "The Better Gift" (1931). A long Short Story.
 "Come and Dine" (1931). A long Short Story.

W. M. THACKERAY

L'HOMME, LE PENSEUR ET LE ROMANCIER. Par R. Las Vergnas.

After reading the life of one of his friends, Thackeray was so disgusted with it that, throwing the volume aside, he enjoined his daughter: "Let there be none of this when I am gone." Hence comparatively little fell from her pen about him save the introductions to the biographical edition of his works. Others have, both here and in America as well as in Germany, ignored this wish; but we have had to wait until to-day, seventy years after his death, for a Frenchman to feel at liberty to give us his impressions of the man.

Mr. Las Vergnas's book could perhaps be more correctly termed an analytical treatise of the man than a biography. The author has so to speak divided Thackeray up into many sides, and critically and conscientiously analysed each one with great care, nor has he forgotten the collector, for at the end of the volume is a bibliography of Thackerayana carefully divided up into sections, that contain many items not previously recorded in any bibliography. This forms a very useful supplement to that published by the late Mr. J. P. Anderson (of the British Museum) in 1891.

J. W. C.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON PRESS



The Presentation Portrait

Mr. R. R. Tomlinson, R.B.A., A.R.C.A. The gathering was presided over by Mr. S. L. Loney, M.A., Chairman of the Press, and Chairman of Convocation of the University, who expressed his pleasure at being present. The Directors were represented by Mr. R. P. Hodder-Williams, Chairman of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., and Mr.

Presentation to Mr. W. Stanley Murrell

J. Crowlesmith, Chairman of the Master Printers Federation and Deputy Chairman of Messrs. Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ltd.

After tea, Dr. Ballard presented the portrait to Mr. Murrell, and in the course of a witty speech he emphasised the cordial relations which existed between the University of London Press and its authors. He said the presentation was a spontaneous expression of goodwill and friendliness toward Mr. Murrell. Dr. Ballard also mentioned the great advance which had been made in the production of Educational Textbooks in recent years. He warmly congratulated Mr. Murrell on the very prominent part which the Press had taken in this movement, and expressed the hope that he would long continue the good work in the years ahead. Other authors also paid generous tributes and expressed their indebtedness to Mr. Murrell in connection with the production of their books.

In replying, Mr. Murrell said how deeply moved he was by this very cordial expression of goodwill and friendliness of the authors connected with the Press. It was a great pleasure to him to welcome such a distinguished company on that occasion. He thanked them all most heartily for the excellent portrait, which he would value very much, and which would serve as a reminder of the many pleasant meetings between the authors and himself.

The daughter of the artist, Miss Tess Tomlinson, presented to Mrs. Stanley Murrell a bouquet of roses, together with a handbag.

The Bookman's Table

MAN: THE GRAND SYMBOL OF THE MYSTERIES.

By Manley Hall. 15s. (Rider.)

Mr. Hall, an American, tilts vigorously at scientists who dismiss all the ancient esoteric wisdom as superstition. He is particularly concerned to rehabilitate the occult doctrines of Anatomy which regarded the human body as a mirror of the universe. His book is too uncritical to serve as an effective weapon against rationalism; but it is a storehouse of ancient lore—alchemical, hermetic, astrological and theosophical—and is rich in quotations from obscure authors and rare documents. It is, too, generously supplied with illustrations drawn from equally odd and varied sources.

PRINCIPLES OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

In 2 Parts. Rs.12.8. (Bombay: Taraporevala.)

Civics is becoming more and more popular as a scholastic subject; and as manners make the man civics make a nation. In this book, the authors have set out to make the average reader understand the elementary principles. It does not pretend to be original but one likes to read at least a little of the author's own words. There are many quotations from well-known writers and are tedious to read again in a different book.

The first part of the book is devoted entirely to the relationship between civics and politics. The author, Mr. A. K. Ghose, gives a succinct summary of the growth of institutions and then of different constitutions. His choices of Constitutions are arbitrary but he dwells at length on the Constitution of India (for which country this book is intended).

The second book deals with economics but I fail to discover its relationship to Civics. It is just a textbook, the type of which we have in galore. This is very disappointing in that the author has no fresh theory, no new trend of thought, to advance. He has just written a book on economics, accepting the fundamentals and challenging nothing. It is a pity, for India is taking an interest in economics and any fresh ideas, in the light of her experiences, would be welcome in clarifying the still vague science of economics.

D. L.

EDWARDIANS GO FISHING.

By G. Cornwallis-West. 10s. 6d. (Putnams.)

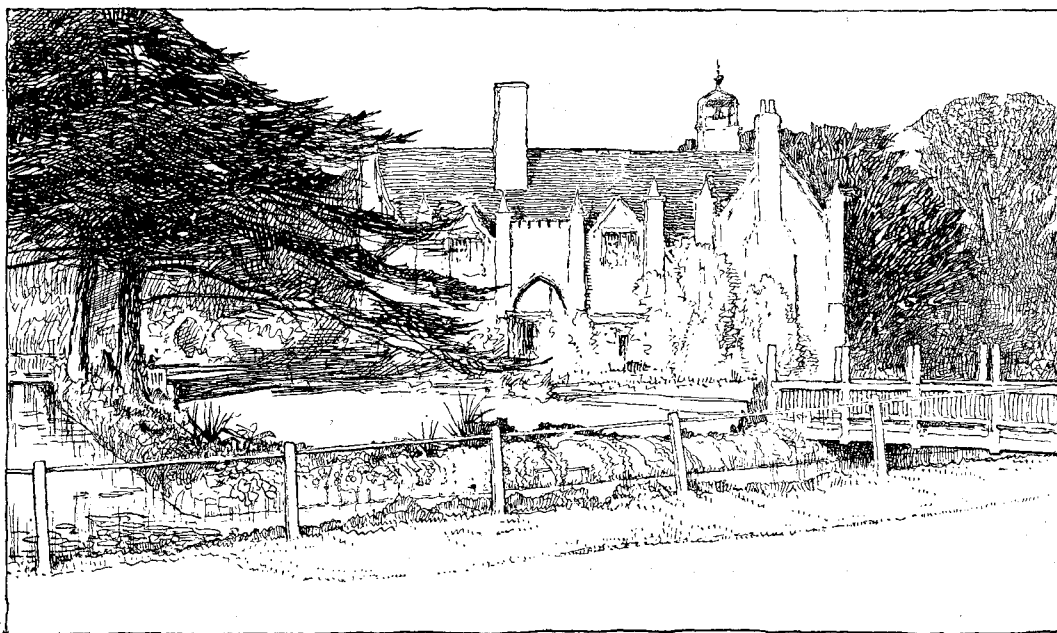
"Many days in many waters" is Major Cornwallis-West's sub-title. The pleasant tone of these recollections of some fifty years, given in an almost epistolary style, follows even from the delicately-leaved, wrapper, of Morris wallpaper. It immediately invites one to angle for fish—and men—shadows in a charming shade. Many indeed the waters Major Cornwallis-West has visited since, little more than a babe, he was tied by the waist to a tree with just enough rope to allow him to approach within a foot of the lake. He knows all the finest trout streams and salmon

rivers of the United Kingdom; has fished in Germany and Austria, and recalls that gourmets there require the angler to have a boy with a pail wherein to preserve the trout alive. California, the Rockies have tested his prowess. The writer eschews the technical; he diffidently proffers a few hints. He gives a new Fisherman's Prayer: "This is my final wish When I have put my rod aside—To gaze into the fire—and fish!" It is not too much to say that one can gaze on these pages of good and "tall" (Major Cornwallis-West has a fine apologia for the genus) stories—and fish to heart's delight.

THREE HUNDRED CAREERS FOR WOMEN.

By Vyrnwy Biscoe. 2s. 6d. (Lovat Dickson.)

This handbook is first-class, practical, up-to-date, thorough, admirably arranged. The author has had four years of close contact with a vocational bureau. Here are listed the number of years of training necessary, age to begin, preliminary qualifications, the recognised bodies,



Leigh Place, near Reigate.

From "A Detective in Surrey," by Donald Maxwell (John Lane).

scholarships, "prospects," opportunities overseas, remuneration, and publications in connection with three hundred careers—average adjusting, astrology, the consular service, synopsis, comptometer operating, *everything*. The introduction emphasises the new aspects of woman's work, now so many barriers are down, and it is good to find our technical institutes and evening classes given due place and praise. Miss Bondfield contributes a concise foreword. No woman (or man) should be without this book.

YOUTH LOOKS AT THE WORLD.

By Basil A. Fletcher. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Fletcher's book, written after a year's travel round the world on a Kahn Fellowship, is marked by the distinction of his writing and thought. He is a man with a point of view, but where facts cut across prejudice he is ready and anxious to stand corrected. He is very observant and his mind is able quickly to co-ordinate the ideas he exchanged and sought in the course of his travels, so that in his last chapter he is able to present a clear, reasoned and compact conclusion on the state of Europe. It is comparatively easy to find travel books of a light and easily readable nature which get one nowhere; it is

**Spöttrup.**

From "*A Wayfarer in Denmark*," by Georg Bröckner (Methuen).

only too easy to be bored with dryasdust accounts, unrelieved by literary talent, humour or personality; Mr. Fletcher's book stands out because it is full of meat and wise, and yet holds the reader's attention throughout.

SARDINIAN SIDESHOW. By Amelie Posse-Brazdova. 7s. 6d. (Routledge.)

This travel book opens in an exciting enough way. A Swedish lady travelling across Europe, in the throes of the Great War, to marry a Czech painter in Rome, and on the way being blindfolded and severely cross-questioned on the Austrian frontier. After that we are given a slight glimpse of the artist colony in Rome, a comparatively untroubled haven in an Italy getting more and more clamorous for war. The greater part of the book is written about Algebro in Sardinia, a small, dirty village where Madame Posse-Brazdova was interned. It proved a village rich in picturesque and flamboyant characters, and from descriptions of these, of the fine and still un-Italian peasantry, with their rich folk-lore and unique customs, and of her often amusing domestic worries, the authoress has woven an extremely interesting story. So good are the characters introduced, and so varied the scenery, that one's only regret is that one is constantly being hurried away from one subject to another, and that the author did not paint in that character a little more fully, or was not slightly more explicit on the manner in which Sardinians wear their caps!

FAMOUS SECRET SOCIETIES. By John Heron Lepper. 12s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

This book is a mine of information about secret societies of every description from the earliest times till the present day. The ancient societies, such as the Mysteries Eleusis, the Orphic mysteries, the rites of Mithra (that formidable opponent of Christianity about which so little is known), the Gnostics and the Druids are the most enthralling, probably because of the superior basis on which these societies rested. For the object of them all was to extend to the initiate the mystery of the meaning of this transitory life. They are not merely mysterious or political like such vulgar modern manifestations as the Klu Klux Klan—which is also dealt with. In fact one is tempted to wish that the author had confined himself to the early chapters, and elaborated them with references to the mediæval societies such as the Templars. Which is not of course to say that the later gangs (which seems a much more appropriate term) do not offer sufficient excitement.

THE SAINTS' ANIMALS ANNUAL. Compiled by Cecily Hallack. 4s. 6d. net. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne.)

"The Saints' Animals Annual" is practically an anthology, for Roman Catholic and other children, of the many quaint tales and legends of bird, beast and fish to be found in the lives of the saints.

A thin thread of story holds together these little histories of good and pious creatures. In the old garden of a house built on the site of a monastery, the Gilchrist family of boys and girls are welcomed at midnight into the company of all those friendly beasts who have been loved by the saints. They listen to what the animals have to tell them, and in their turn bring, on the twelve nights of meeting, their own contribution of story, picture or poem.

Miss Cecily Hallack must have gone to a multitude of sources for her sheaf of tiny tales. Some of them, like the legend of St. Jerome and the lion; St. Anthony preaching to the fishes; St. Patrick and the snakes of Ireland; G. K. Chesterton's song, "The Donkey," and many of Katharine Tynan's devotional lays, we knew before, as well as the two little Flowers of St. Francis gathered for our benefit. But in the annals of Christendom there are a host of other animals whom she here makes known to us, linked each to his associated saint, to prove, if need be, the fellowship of the brute creation in the Christian common wealth.

HELEN WILLIAMS.

PUGIN: A MEDIÆVAL VICTORIAN. By Michael Trappes-Lomax. 15s. (Sheed & Ward.)

It was inevitable that sooner or later Pugin would be discovered. A story as exciting, swift and tragic as his will bear telling often, and it is a long time since it was told in full. Mr. Trappes-Lomax's book is good. It is a coherent fabric of fact and criticism, finely put together. Much of it inevitably is drawn from Ferrey, Pugin's friend and earliest biographer, whose work, excellent and charming in many ways, suffers from certain definite limitations. Ferrey for instance did not feel himself competent to deal with the Catholic aspect of Pugin's work; Mr. Trappes-Lomax's sympathetic pen fills in this part of the picture admirably.

Not one of Pugin's buildings is really great architecture; not even the brilliant church at Cheadle, nor any of the lovely things he built for himself at Ramsgate. Yet everything that he touched bears the impress of his splendid mind—the mind which first consciously conceived the notion of a rational architecture based on a vivid relation of form to purpose. Pugin thought that in Gothic he had found a modern architecture ready made. In a sense he had; for his own world of ideas was astonishingly, exquisitely complete.

But the age had no room for Pugin's world and anyway the age disliked Papists. In his last chapter Mr. Trappes-Lomax sadly reminds us that "there is no general tradition of Pugin in the English mind." He is lost behind the volubility of Ruskin. This new biography may find him a better place; it deserves to do so.

JOHN SUMMERSON.

AWAY, DULL COOKERY.

By T. Earle Welby. 6s. (Lovat Dickson.)

At one bound Mr. Welby becomes to the kitchen what Professor Saintsbury is to the cellar. This is not to

**Lewanka.**

In ceremonial dress.

From "*The Passing of Black Kings*," by Hugh Marshall Hole. (Philip Allan).

say that Mr. Welby knows nothing of wines. Economy in its true sense, and the spice of variety, though not necessarily the *outré*, have been his watchwords in compiling this book. He shows how to get fun even out of a potato, and good culinary (and epicurean) value withal. He can even indicate the right way to extreme economy "which, Heaven knows, may be forced on almost any of us in these days." With approval he quotes the saying of a French woman cook on paper directions—" *ça remplit trop la tête.*" There are far too many recipes in the world already, he exclaims, but this does not prevent him from giving us of his store, while emphasising the fact that to know the how and why of the primary operations of cooking is the *sine qua non*. From stocks, dreadfully ignored in England, to sauces, by way of a commination service on vitamin-mongers and their dreary tribe, Mr. Welby is wise and witty all the way. "We do not make anything like enough of brains," he says in one section. One may be pardoned, in this galley, for seeing a *double entendre* even where none is intended. And if the worst comes to the worst and direful economy is imposed upon him, Mr. Welby has always a way out. We should flock to any restaurant that was under his charge.

THOUGHTS AND ADVENTURES. By Winston S. Churchill. 18s. (Thornton Butterworth.)

Mr. Churchill's adventures, or reminiscences of adventure, are much better than his thoughts in this volume. His gift of the older rhetoric can descend to banalities, as in his rehash of the career of Moses, which is not even average journalese. He is at his best when he can be up and doing, whether at Sidney Street or in South Africa, and certainly has a heart for any fate. Ardour cannot be denied him, and a man who is at his best under fire will always command our respect. Even in some of the very minor engagements of which this book largely consists, the pomp of diction cannot obscure the man. His love for his hobby of painting, which gives rise to one of the best of these variegated papers, springs from his desire for intense activity. He can never be the pure detached contemplative. He strives with all; the polemical note, even in such a suggestion as is here printed for a subordinate economic Parliament, is rarely absent.

SIR WILLIAM ORPEN: ARTIST AND MAN. By P. G. Konody and Sidney Dark. 25s. (Seeley, Service.)

This book is in itself a fine example of the art of book-making; the sixty-five illustrations, firmly reproduced, are a text in themselves. With Mr. Konody's estimate of Orpen as artist, and of his almost extravagant output in some thirty years, one cannot quarrel. He well displays how Orpen's restless spirit was ever experimenting in the innumerable problems connected with his craft. It is small wonder that he had a technical bravura sufficient for each and every occasion at his finger-tips, so that he could use the same *décor* as figured in the symbolical "Knacker's Yard" for the "Official Entry of the Kaiser into Berlin" nineteen years later. Had Mr. Dark been content to give his own reminiscences and his own estimate of his friend, he would have done as capably as Mr. Konody surveys the artist. He rather overcrowds his pages with citations of others. Moreover the value of his account is somewhat lessened by the fact that he is inclined to dogmatise from the premise, "My Orpen was the child of the War." To him the "Unknown Soldier," "Man versus Beast," "Black Cap," "Palm Sunday" form a tetralogy. Artists do not work (Mr. Konody I think would agree) quite like that. It may be news to some that Orpen tried to get on the staff of *Punch*.

THE EARLY LIVES OF MILTON. Edited by Helen Darbishire. 18s. (Constable.)

This is a work of scholarship in the best sense of the term. Dryasdust is indeed absent. The Principal of Somerville has aimed, in editing these six lives, to recreate from the dust, to revivify interest in Milton, and surely

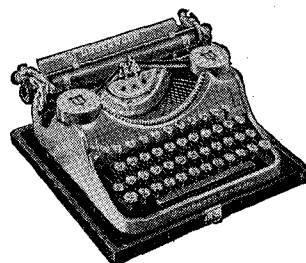
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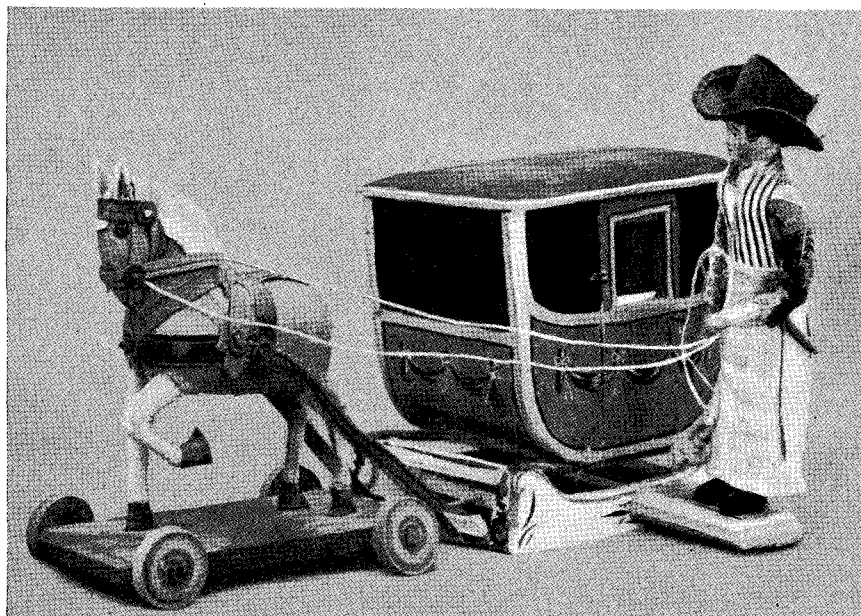
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A Wooden Sledge.
(Nineteenth Century).

From "Children's Toys of Bygone Days" (Batsford).

in our parlous state an apostrophe after Wordsworth is not inopportune. The great we see often in effigy, as it were, almost inhuman. Miss Darbishire is concerned to show the man as his contemporaries saw him, and so to bring him home to us. It is pleasant to know that there was a strong bond of sympathy between Milton and the scapegrace of his nephews. Miss Darbishire establishes that the earliest known life of Milton—the anonymous MS. found among Anthony Wood's papers some forty years ago—is by the more spirited nephew, John Phillips. Edward Phillips's cautious reduction into form and order, "what ever I have been able to rally up," is given, with Aubrey's minutes and Wood's account from "Fasti Oxonienses." Follow Toland's Life of 1698, and the painter Richardson's Life and disquisition on "Paradise Lost" of 1734. This has not been reprinted since the first edition. Miss Darbishire's introduction to her collection is a very fine piece of work.

PUSS IN BOOKS. Edited by Elizabeth Drew and Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d. (Geoffrey Bles.)

The cat has scarcely had its due in literature. This collection of stories about the genus is a splendid *amende honorable*. Here are cats galore. Hans Carossa's cat, in a cradle during the flood, saves the infant occupant by steadying the frail bark. Rose Fyleman deliciously creates the first Persian kitten out of smoke and flame and stars. Carl Van Vechten's "ambulatory chrysanthemum, with a ridiculous Christmas tree for a tail," was the cat who would not mate. Cicely Hamilton's kitten in Paradise gets the sot who had half maliciously befriended it into Heaven. The sequel to "Puss in Boots," when Puss had become bored, is here. Yellow Terror, born fighter, was as religious as the most militant of the Salvation Army. There is even an essay in cat-power, a tall story of the utilisation of the electricity stored up in cats. There is in short a cat almost for every day of the month, for any hearth; only a few have been told.

EUSEBIUS 2. By E. L. Oulton.

SCRIPTORES HISTORIÆ AUGUSTÆ. By David Magie.

SELECT PAPYRI. By J. S. and C. C. Edgar.
ros. each. (Heinemann.)

The Loeb edition advances sedately on its expensive way. Of these three volumes all will be extremely useful to the student, and two of them at least interesting and amusing to the ordinary reader. It is not surprising that Mr. Kirksopp Lake was glad to be relieved of the work of translating the second volume of Eusebius. It should

be a thankless task, since anyone likely to read ecclesiastical history would (one hopes) be capable of reading the Greek.

The extraordinarily entertaining collection of gossip called the "Scriptores Historiæ Augustæ" deserves translation because it will amuse many of whom scholarship cannot be expected, as will this first volume of selected Greek papyri. The wills, agreements and more especially the letters each throw a bright spotlight on some moment in the past—moments of tragedy, anxiety, annoyance, exultation, avarice and courtesy. There is a letter from a mother to her son at school in the second or third century A.D. There is a hurried note of invitation to his wedding from a young man called Serapion to his brothers in 154 B.C. And there is a deed of divorce between Soulis and Sempais, two gravediggers. The book would make a good Christmas present to a humane don.

I have only one complaint about the translation—and this applies to most contemporary translations from the classics—that it is childishly literal. In the letters for instance, the conventional Greek form of inquiry after a friend's health is always rendered literally: "If you are well it would be excellent," instead of (surely) "I hope you are well."

CORNWALL TO AMERICA IN 1783: The Journal of Paul Burall. Edited by A. M. Burall, with an Introduction by A. K. Hamilton Jenkin. 4s. 6d. (Fenland Press.)

Paul Burall was a Cornishman born at Tuckingmill in 1755, the son of a "tynner" and a Methodist. The father left his children moneys and estates in 1779, and Paul ventured abroad to Philadelphia, from which he returned, after successful trading, via Broadhaven Bay, still one of the wildest parts of Co. Mayo. His brief journal of these events is printed in this book for the first time, with notes and a biographical foreword by his great-great-niece. Though a small fragment, it repays reading for the little it tells one of Paul Burall himself (a silhouette of him, included as frontispiece, bears out the suggestion from his Journal that he was a hardy, stubborn and able Cornishman), of early Philadelphia, of the hazards of Atlantic travel, and of a dangerous journey from the inhospitality of Co. Mayo across to Belfast. Paul Burall's education was slight, and he spells phonetically, preserving in his quaint, stiff sentences the pronunciations of West Cornwall. To Americans perhaps his Journal will be still more interesting than to Cornishmen or Irishmen. The page or two describing what has since become one of the world's great cities, contains several items of valuable information about prices, trade and religious meeting-houses.

THE LETTERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT: 1811-1814. Vol. III.
Edited by H. J. C. Grierson. 18s. (Constable.)

This third volume of the Centenary Edition of Scott's Letters is chiefly notable for the light it throws upon the Ballantyne publishing business and the first appearance of "Waverley." The two circumstances are intimately involved. For during 1813 the firm of Ballantyne were in desperate straits, and both they and Scott could only hope to wind the business up without actual bankruptcy. Unfortunately however the "Lord of the Isles," and later the new experiment in fiction, saved the situation, and the sanguine poet and his publishers re-embarked on an adventure which was to lead to worse disaster.

Apart from this, the Letters are chiefly interesting for their many references to the embryo Abbotsford, the kingdom which he is constantly "busy in planting, ditching and fencing"; for the light they throw on the hasty composition of "Rokeby" and his first experiment in anonymity, the "Bridal of Tremain"; for their references

to his trip with Stevenson the engineer and others to the Hebrides, and his refusal of the Laureateship in favour of Southey. In 1812 too he writes his first letter to Byron, although it and others which follow are rather self-conscious and artificial. He was happier, because more himself, in his letters to Joanna Baillie and Crabbe, while those to Lady Abercorn, and to the Duke of Buccleuch on the death of the Duchess, are fine and characteristic examples. There is too an interesting letter to Maria Edgeworth, discussing "Waverley" and sent under the pseudonym of James Ballantyne.

H. I. A. F.

THE PROBLEM OF ARNOLD BENNETT. By Geoffrey West. 3s. 6d. (Joiner & Steele.)

Arnold Bennett was always true to life as he saw it. At his greatest he saw it as something commonplace yet significant, sordid yet mysterious and tragic, transitory yet shadowed by eternity. Why then did he usually see it with the eyes of a business man, estimating it in terms of material glitter and cash?

To the investigation of this problem Mr. Geoffrey West applies a keen critical insight, assisted by biographical detail. The result is a brilliant little book which sheds light, not merely on Bennett as man and artist, but on the nature of the creative processes in general.

CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM: HIS LIFE AND WORKS. By Herbert Faulkner West. 15s. (Cranley & Day.)

The life-story of a Scottish-Spanish hidalgo, a modern Quixote tilting at the giant mills of the machine age. Cunninghamham Graham's whole life has been a protest against industrialism. He escaped from it to the Argentine pampas and the wild places of Morocco; he thundered against it in Parliament and in his books. The knightly champion of an old and defeated order, the friend and associate of Morris, Shaw, Conrad, Hudson and Wilfred Blunt, he is not merely a fantastic, but a significant figure, both in history and literature.

Professor West, who is a personal friend of Graham's, is modest in his claims for his book. A pioneer biography, it is probably destined to be superseded before long. But the fascination of the subject more than compensates for any defects in the treatment; and a number of extracts from previously unpublished letters of Conrad, Hudson, Blunt and others enhance its value.

BIOGRAPHICAL FRAGMENTS. By Sir Arthur Schuster, F.R.S. 10s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

An eminent physicist discards the anonymity of science for personal reminiscence. Sir Arthur Schuster's experiences have not by any means been confined to the laboratory. Born in Frankfort during the stirring days of Prussia's drive to supremacy, he was educated at Geneva, Manchester and Heidelberg. At the age of twenty-three he was put in charge of the Eclipse Expedition of 1875 to Siam; at the end of which he had an adventurous journey from Simla to Kashmir across the Himalayas. His reminiscence of such famous scientists as Leverrier, Kirchhoff and Helmholtz are as humorous and revealing as his picture of himself is modest. A book for the scientist and the layman alike.

NUMBER THIRTEEN. By Rear-Admiral Gordon Campbell. 20s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The famous "Mystery Ship" commander was the thirteenth of a family of sixteen, but he has not noticeably been dogged by ill-luck. At the age of fourteen he entered a training-ship at Dartmouth; and his subsequent career in the navy followed a normal course until the War brought him fame and mystery. At the General Election last year he began a new career as an M.P. During the campaign, in reply to a question as to what he knew about politics, he said: "Thank God, nothing. I am only an honest man." Such indeed is the man who modestly reveals himself in this autobiography; and he is certain to repeat with the public at large his success with the electors of Burnley.

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LANCASHIRE WAYS. By J. Cuming Walters. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

This is just the book to place in the hands of those people who regard Lancashire simply as a crowded corner of darkest England. No northern county is so unknown and misunderstood by southerners. Symbolising as it does the romance and squalor of English industrialism, the fact that two-thirds of the county is pastoral, full of historical and literary associations, is often forgotten. Mr. Walters reveals this other Lancashire. He is commendably brief, entertaining and informative. The author follows no set plan, but goes over the old ways of the Romans and Normans, and the ways of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries which provoked the vituperations of Defoe and Wesley, and of Arthur Young who warned travellers to avoid the Preston-Wigan road "as they would the devil." He tarries a while in Liverpool—"city of ideals"—in Manchester and the cotton-spinning country. His rambles among the moorlands and cloughs, the abbeys and churches and battle-fields awaken echoes of the Civil War and the Jacobite risings, and there is an attractive chapter on the growth of Lancashire Nonconformity, with memories of George Fox and Wesley. Wherever he goes—to the country of the Brontës, of Wordsworth, or to Liverpool, Mr. Walters is an ideal cicerone. There are excellent illustrations, some in collotype, by Frank Greenwood.

A DETECTIVE IN SURREY. By Donald Maxwell. 6s. (Bodley Head.)

Were the positions of our villages and towns, our parish churches and market crosses, fixed by the necessities of a people who lived in ages before the Christian era? That is a question which Mr. Maxwell sets out to answer in his latest book for topographical adventurers. The theory that our parish churches and market crosses are built along "leys"—imaginary lines running from point to point in the landscape—which overrun the country in a mathematical system, is the result of a discovery made by Mr. Alfred Watkins, of Hereford, who during a walk noticed a striking alignment of church spires, hilltops, ponds and other features of the country-side.

The author's "ley-hunting" in the Leith Hill country obtains sufficient proof for this fascinating theory to invite respect, despite the "experts" who regarded his conclusions as "fantastic." There is also a delightful account of Mr. Maxwell's detective excursion on the Surrey and Kent boundary in search of clues of a Roman road. Half of the charm of this little book lies in the fact that the author makes no claim to archaeological erudition, and he admits that his conclusions are simply the results of intelligent guess-work. Whether he is hunting for proof of the ancient "ley" system, or for Roman clues, Mr. Maxwell is an amusing and instructive companion. The book, which is illustrated by maps and line sketches, is a friendly guide to an absorbing outdoor game, and amateur archaeologists and ramblers who have followed the author in Kent and Sussex will thoroughly enjoy themselves in Surrey.

ST. PATRICK'S PURGATORY.

By Shane Leslie. 21s. (Burns, Oates.)

In his long and admirable introductory essay Mr. Leslie has shown how a medieval legend with all its absurd and delightful exaggerations has evolved into a potent factor for the good of pious souls and he quotes Father Maguire of Inneskeen, who, writing on these wonders, says, "They have their use for the historian but no sane man would regard them as other than pure fiction. God has no need of our lies: neither has St. Patrick. There was a Cave on the Island. St. Patrick very probably did penance there. Millions after him have done the same."

One point Mr. Leslie brings out, and quotes authorities in his favour, is of particular interest and this is, how the legend of St. Patrick and his own private entrance to

purgatory and the descriptions of what was to be seen therein, influenced Dante's "Divina Commedia."

Mr. Leslie has given us an extremely well-documented account of this famous shrine, and those who are interested in this subject will no longer have to fly from one book to another, from one authority to another, but will be able to find everything in what I hope I may be allowed to call the "Lough Derg Omnibus," and for those who are inclined to sniff at these legends let them remember what James Yonge wrote in his Memorial, "The lives of the Saints were composed not merely for piety but for desire to produce the thriller. The detective has become the unhaloed substitute for the Saint," and they will be ready to enjoy this excellent work.

A PLAN OF LIFE.

By C. B. Purdom. 4s. 6d. (Dent.)

This "essay in the technique of living" is based upon a series of articles contributed to the weekly paper of which Mr. Purdom is editor. The articles aroused considerable interest among the popular audience to which they were addressed, and many readers pressed for their publication in book form. Mr. Purdom modestly emphasises the fact that he has sought to suggest merely a plan of life. He believes that most personal and social wastage and evil are due to lack of conscious co-ordination of available forces, and he here discourses, in the light of his own efforts at systematic living, on Morals, Work, Science, Reason, Society, Religion, and so on. Some readers may feel his reflections are too much generalised to constitute any very definite scheme. But there is much inspired common sense in his pages, very readably presented, and the book should be studied with benefit by every man or every woman who does not take its title or avowed aim too literally.

BANNED IN ENGLAND. By Gilbert Armitage. 1s. (Wishart.)

"Indecency," Coventry Patmore wrote, "is an endeavour to irritate sensations and appetites in the absence of natural passion." Chief Justice Cockburn, in *Rex v. Hicklin*, declared the test of obscenity to be "whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscenity is to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences, and into whose hands such a publication may fall." On this dictum, which lays the blame on the book irrespective of its intention (whereas Patmore, with more common sense and less confusion, laid it upon the intention of the book), many judges have since been guided; for the publication of an obscene libel, to use the technical term, is a common law misdemeanour, based upon no statute.

Mr. Gilbert Armitage in this pamphlet explains and summarises not only the existing law, but the interpretative difficulties and absurdities that arise from Chief Justice Cockburn's definition. His account is concise and thorough; and his sympathies are with Sir James Stephen, who has suggested that a person is justified in publishing "obscene" books if the publication "is for the public good as being necessary or advantageous to religion or morality, to the administration of justice, the pursuit of science, literature or art, or other objects of general interest"—a suggestion, as Mr. Armitage declares, still considerably in advance of the law. One may not agree at all points with Mr. Armitage's own criticism, but one may hope with him that "our judges... may yet see their way to introducing by gradual stages some modification of the law in the direction of liberty, toleration and common sense." The recent case of the poet, de Montalk, who was sentenced to six months for showing or "publishing" to a printer certain poems which he wanted him to print for private circulation, has led to many misgivings; and it showed that the law as it stands has savage and dangerous potentialities. This pamphlet points them out very clearly, and in making known the facts of a problem of great public interest, it is most serviceable.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY

Two Extraordinary Events and a Wide Choice

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing name and address of sender) must be received by the Editor not later than February 12th. A competitor may enter for all the Competitions, but must cut out the coupon and send this with each answer or group of answers, and address envelope :

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Competitors must please keep copies of their MSS., as the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

THE PRIZES OFFERED, THIS MONTH ARE :

- I.—Mr. Woolworth will in due course be opening one of his well-known stores in Stratford-upon-Avon. A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA will be awarded for the best sonnet which might have been written for the event by a celebrated native of the place. As we do not know his opinion, he is to have the alternative of approval or disapproval. A sonnet of approbation must start with the line: "O how thy worth with manners may I sing?"; a sonnet of disapprobation: "O call not me to justify the wrong."
- II.—HALF A GUINEA will be awarded for the most suitable acknowledgment, in not more than one hundred words, by a President of the United States of America, on receiving the sum of forty dollars, subscribed by the members of a West African cannibal tribe on learning from a missionary of the economic depression in America.
- III.—HALF A GUINEA will be awarded to the best answers to the following questions: What is (i) the greatest tragedy, (ii) the greatest comedy, (iii) the greatest sonnet, (iv) the greatest single line, (v) the greatest novel, in English literature? Reasons for the answers should not exceed two hundred and fifty words.
- IV.—THREE NEW BOOKS for the best quotation from English poetry in the seventeenth century applicable to any book *advertised* in this number.
- V.—THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for a competition.

Results of October Competitions

- I.—ONE GUINEA for the best sonnet on Television is awarded to L. F. Goldsmid, 30, Crockerton Road, S.W.17, for the following :

Still man resolves fresh mazes, clue by clue;
And having mapped each labyrinth on his scroll
In measured lineaments, his questing soul
Fares forth upon the track of something new.
Magic is brought to heel; now we may view
The viewless distances from pole to pole,
And train them, creeping through a little hole,
To shape themselves for us, their parts and hue.

Yet when perfected, sanctified, impressed
With all man's tempered genius can attain,
His art mature, what worth man's proud device
Balanced against the vision which once blessed
Blind Homer when he saw Troy's windy plain,
Or Milton, blind, who looked on Paradise?

Highly commended are the sonnets by Margaret W. Hadfield (Sheffield), Agnes E. Drey (Hampstead), M. McDonnell (Bothwell), Charlotte S. Crofts (Canterbury), John Purdie (Paisley), Raymond Murray (Nottingham), F. G. Levien (Clacton-on-Sea), Ida Barnes (Romford), Gertrude Pitt (London), Melvin W. Jones (Cardiff), W. A. Rathkey (London), G. S. Purnell (St. Ives), Florence Mackie (Jarrow-on-Tyne).

- II.—The entries for this competition—to select not more than ten books to form an ideal Bedside Library—were so many and varied that it was more difficult than usual to arrive at a conclusion. To put aside resolutely those lists which were obviously a reflection of personal taste was the first difficult but necessary task; difficult because one was so much in sympathy with them (one list, the only entry from Inverness, was headed with my own favourite bedside book); necessary because no personal choice was sufficiently catholic to pretend to "ideal" proportions. The second task was to decide whether the Bible and Shakespeare were admissible as single books. The third was to disentangle the books mentioned from the reasons given. As it would be invidious to give a short list of "highly commended," and there is not room for a list which would do full justice to the entry, only the prizewinning list is published—that of Miss Muriel Malvern, "Mowbray," Prestbury Road, Cheltenham, Glos., to whom the prize of HALF A GUINEA is awarded :

For me, the ideal bedside library would be composed of a few familiar and well-loved books, so varied in their appeal that every mood could be satisfied, and so carefully selected that even the most desultory reading could not harm them. I should choose :

1. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics," because this contains the world of poetry in miniature;
2. Dickens's "Pickwick Papers," because here is humour with which to brighten the dull hours of the night;
3. Lamb's "Essays of Elia," because that period when worldly cares are abandoned seems to be the appropriate

time in which to share the thoughts of this dear, fantastic philosopher ;

4. Boswell's "Life of Johnson," because a friendship with this great man of letters never palls ;

5. Pepys's "Diary," because the reader can always find something of interest in the varied fare set before him ;

6. Bunyan's "The Pilgrim's Progress," because when the day's work is done it is profitable to learn how another pilgrim fought with and conquered his difficulties ;

7. Bacon's Essays, because a collection of separate entities, each in itself supreme, forms admirable bedtime reading ;

8. Shakespeare's Plays (preferably in an edition which includes the sonnets), because with these beside him, even the worst sufferer from insomnia could not fail to find some blessing in his affliction ;

9. Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," because of the delightful companionship which they offer ; and

10. The Bible, because without it no bedside library would be complete.

III.—HALF A GUINEA for a four-lined epigram on Thomas Derrick's cartoon, "Hard Knox," is awarded to Winston Sinclair, 112, Macdonald Street, Ottawa, Canada, for the following :

Hard Knox indeed ! And is no protest Heard ?
Does Huxley in his Julian wrath but frown ?
We ween the walked-on Wells will want one word.
And Bert, sans coronet, will protest crown.

Highly commended are the epigrams by Gordon Simpson (York), A. H. Bartlett (Hove), Rev. Edwin J. Matthews (Calne), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), John E. Woods (Coventry).

IV.—THREE NEW BOOKS for the best quotation from twentieth century English poetry applicable to any book advertised in the October BOOKMAN is awarded to Olive Scholes, 6, Lydgate Road, Coventry, for the following :

READING, WRITING AND REMEMBERING.

By E. V. LUCAS, C.H. (Methuen.)

"But thine arithmetic . . ."

A. E. HOUSMAN, *Fragment of a Greek Tragedy*.

We also select for printing :

CHARMING MANNERS. BY JOHN MICHAELHOUSE.
(Dent.)

"A hundred Vicars down the lawn."

RUPERT BROOKE, *Granchester*.

(M. McDonnell, Elmwood, Bothwell.)

THE GREAT VICTORIANS.

EDITED BY H. J. AND HUGH MASSINGHAM.

"All the lions stood a-roaring

In my Lady Lucy's den,

And you could not see the flooring

For the literary men."

A. P. HERBERT, *She-Shanties*.

(F. G. Levien, Canler's Hotel, Thoroughgood Road, Clacton-on-Sea, Essex.)

V.—THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to G. C. B. Cotterell, Vale Wood Farm, Mobberley, Cheshire.

CROSSWORD No. 24.

The prize of one guinea is awarded to W. Morris, 58, Belsize Road, N.W.6.

Results of November Competitions

I.—ONE GUINEA for the best Tercentenary Ode on the Building of St. Paul's by Sir Christopher Wren is awarded to Doris Major, 73, Cheyne Walk, Hendon, N.W.4, for the following :

Could you but speak, O valiant ghost
Walking our streets to-day,
What tale could you not tell of lost
Endeavour, and of stifled dreams
That burgeoned, to decay
In ignorance' green mould,
Choked by rank weeds, of old
Named worldliness, but most
Honoured to-day as prudent common sense !

You dreamed a London made all new,
With gracious walks beside the Thames
Whence terraced gardens gently drew
The footsteps upwards to St. Paul's,
Where lofty roof and soaring spires
Echoed the soul's submerged desires,
Guiding men's eyes to heaven where there grew
The aery vision of a noble dome.

And through the bitter strife
Of foolish tongues, made rife
With malice by your enemies,
You held your way, and spent your life
In agonised warfare,
Refusing to despair,
Though none would comprehend
Your dream, and to the end
You waged your ceaseless fight.
Hindered upon every side,
By royal sloth and stupid pride,
You kept your goal in sight,
And held your dream inviolate,
That, at the least, its shadow might
Fall on an age less wrapped in vanity.

O ghost, be comforted ! For know
Above the jarring fret
Of modern ways, and restless flow
Of traffic, your great dome stands yet,
Brooding in tranquil majesty
Over your London still !
Lest toil-worn men forget
Eternal truths, still stand
Those creatures of your hand,
Those witnesses in stone,
Exquisite fragments of your broken dream.

Highly commended are L. F. Goldsmid (London), Edward Adams Ray (Stockholm), P. M. Stone (Waltham, Mass., U.S.A.), J. M. Burns (Malta), E. Davis (Dublin), E. M. Frampton (Wakefield), Morris Heynes (Southsea), Patrick Howarth (Rugby), L. Bruce (Crayford), V. M. Aldridge (Gloucester).

II.—HALF A GUINEA for the best paragraph on "The Real Value of First Editions" is awarded to John E. Woods, 63, Mayfield Road, Earlsdon, Coventry, for the following:

To own a genuine "first edition" may *per se* be a lasting joy, divorced from laudable pride at possessing a commercially valuable work. But a "first edition," like a "museum piece" of old furniture, actually represents the period in which it was produced, immediately after the last corrected proofs were handled by the compositor; it is the authentic offspring of the author.

Omissions or additions, for better or worse, have not yet been made, although printed errors or omissions do not mar a "first edition" as a fault in old china makes for deterioration in intrinsic value.

A later impression of the same book ten years on is almost an anachronism, being ten years too late for the atmosphere of the book.

In the case of rare and valuable works, or *incunabula*, unlikely ever to be reprinted, it becomes almost a sacred charge to protect the "first editions."

The first published book of an author who has since accomplished greater things, is the first child of his mind, appealing equally to the sentimental and commercial instincts of the collector.

The works of great writers of all eras are worthy of preservation, including those of our own times; they represent in turn their own generation. If any copies of their work are to be retained, naturally and logically, they should be "first editions."

However the auction value of a book may fall or rise, the spiritual value of a good book always rises.

Highly commended are Capt. W. Jaggard (Stratford-on-Avon), E. Carran (Doncaster), John Coghlan (Dublin), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), Fred Urquhart (Edinburgh), J. H. G. Gibbs (Upminster), M. Cutts (Croydon), M. Berry (Manchester), Joyce Woodhouse (Brundall).

III.—HALF A GUINEA for the best list of twelve literary anniversaries to be observed in 1933 is awarded to M. T. Coghlan, 7, Vincent Street, Berkeley Road, Dublin, for the following:

1. George Herbert, the poet, *d.* 1633.
2. Edmund Spenser, the poet, *b.* 1533.

3. Ernest Hæckel, *b.* 1833.
4. Hannah More, *d.* 1833.
5. Adam Lindsay Gordon, the poet, *b.* 1833.
6. Sir Lewis Morris, the Welsh poet, *b.* 1833.
7. Charles Bradlaugh, *b.* 1833.
8. Dr. Alfred B. Nobel, *b.* 1833.
9. Sir George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, *b.* 1633.

Also recommended are the lists sent in by Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool), L. F. Goldsmid (London), P. M. Stone (Waltham, Mass., U.S.A.), John E. Woods (Coventry), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath).

IV.—THREE NEW BOOKS for the best quotation from English poetry of the sixteenth century, applicable to a book advertised in the November number, is awarded to Joyce Woodhouse, "The Lodge," Brundall, Norfolk, for the following:

SNOW IN HARVEST. BY JOANNA CANNAN.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Thanked be fortune, it hath been otherwise."
SIR THOMAS WYATT, *Vixi Puellis Nuper Idoneus* . . .

We also select for printing:

THE ROAD OF DESPERATION.

BY MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY. (Appleton.)

"My poverty, but not my will consents."

SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, Act v, Sc. 1.

(B. M. Beard, 214, Broadway, Bexleyheath, Kent.)

AS WE ARE: A MODERN REVIEW.

BY E. F. BENSON. (Longmans.)

"And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale."

SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*.

(K. E. Teague, 16, Alexandra Road, Waterloo, Liverpool.)

V.—THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to B. E. Stanley, 6, Henry Street, Keighley, Yorks.

FOR THE WRITERS OF TO-MORROW.

The prize of books to the value of a guinea, to be chosen by the recipient, is awarded to H. R. Maule, 21, Albert Road, Caversham, Reading, and the entries of Robert G. Fear (Bristol), James C. Moran (London), F. R. James (Walsall), Pat Rubinstein (Hampstead), K. Westmore (Rock Ferry), D. G. Bosanquet (Alnwick), Patrick Howarth (Rugby) are highly commended.

CROSSWORD No. 25.

The prize of one guinea is awarded to Mrs. Dorothy Charlton, Lingstead, Ilkley, Yorkshire.

“ THE BOOKMAN ” CROSSWORD No. 27

Solution to Crossword XXV



A FEW FROM FRANCE BY " PROCRUSTES "

A guinea will be sent to the sender of a correct solution who supplies the best clue to No. 5 down.

(N.B.—In the solution of this puzzle it will be necessary to disregard accents.)

CLUES ACROSS :

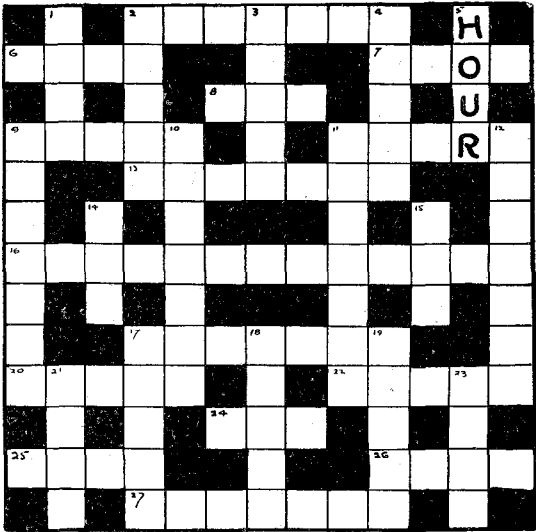
- 2. French writer of to-day.
- 6. River.
- 7. The name of their own capital gave the men of the French Renaissance a particular interest in this city.
- 8. See 24.
- 9. " Et rose elle a vécu ce que vivent les . . . , L'espace d'un matin."—(MALHERBE.)
- 11. The title given in Feudal France " to all members of the clergy no matter what their rank in the hierarchy, and also to all those who at one time or another had tried to take Holy orders and had either failed or given up their career—in a word to all those who had studied in the schools and knew Latin."—(LUCIEN FOULET.)
- 13. French vessel blown up at Trafalgar.
- 16. Published 1594. Professor Saintsbury describes it as " the first and most admirable example of the theory of the modern newspaper—the theory that the combined ability of many men is likely, on the whole, to treat complicated and ephemeral affairs better than the limited, though perhaps individually greater, ability of one man."
- 17. Voltaire went there in 1750.
- 20. Though the Gluckists were victorious over the Piccinists in the musical battle of Paris at the end of the eighteenth century, this piece by Piccini held the stage until 1826.
- 22. French name for a city which, in the Crusades, was identified with Babylon.
- 24. (With 8) Pays d'origine des archers de Louis XI.
- 25. French silk is said to make this noise twice.

- 26. River at Caen.
- 27. A continuous line of canals from this river to the sea connects French and Belgian industrial areas.

CLUES DOWN :

- 1. Saintsbury considers that he " will hold to posterity the position of the greatest poet and of one of the greatest prose writers of France."
- 2. Euripidean character who gave her name to a seventeenth century opera by Charpentier.
- 3. Composed " Orfeo " for Mazarin. A change of his last letter would give a Florentine painter, established at Fontainebleau by Francis I.
- 4. Boileau's rule for perfecting this was " polir et le repolir sans cesse."
- 9. " Direz chantant mes vers, en vous esmerveillant : . . . me celebrait du temps que j'estois belle."
- 10. Author of the " Roman Comique."
- 11. This Order, whose mother-house was in Burgundy, undertook an ecclesiastical colonisation of Spain when it was reconquered from Islam.
- 12. " Française," " Humaine " or " Larmoyante."
- 14. One of the frontier forts established in Louis XIV's reign, when France took the place of Spain as protector of the Catholics in the Netherlands.
- 15. Nickname of a French dancer.
- 17. Character in Racine's " Alexandre."
- 18. Napoleonic ceremony painted by Louis David.
- 19. He restored the mediæval blason, which was freely imitated by his followers.
- 21. " Hurrah ! Hurrah ! a single field hath turned the chance of war, Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for . . . , and Henry of Navarre."
- 23. The Good King of Anjou.

Crossword No. 27



COUPON for JANUARY, 1933